

# 'Quotable'

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SUNDAY TIMES 4th Mar '86

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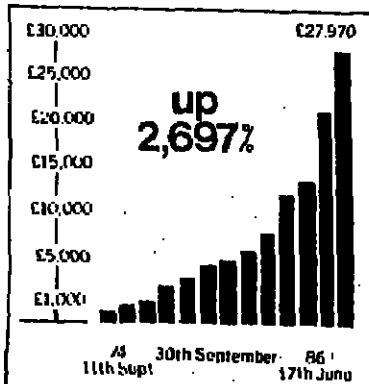
Perpetual takes The Observer's 1985 Unit Trust Managers of the Year award. A richly deserved award. Its investment team - chairman Martyn Arbib, Bob Yerbury, Scott McGlashan and Martin Rasch - have been producing performance plums well for many years...

\* OBSERVER 15th Dec '85

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Daily Telegraph 13th July '85

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\* MONEY MAGAZINE Dec '85

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# THE GUARDIAN WEEKLY

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Vol. 135 No. 4 Week ending July 27, 1986

## Queen and Thatcher split on sanctions

THE QUEEN and the Prime Minister met on Tuesday, deeply divided over British policy towards South Africa but faced with the political necessity of ending quickly talk of a serious rift between Buckingham Palace and Downing Street.

The Guardian has learned authoritatively that the Queen's concern about relations with the Commonwealth became acute after the publication of Mrs Thatcher's series of interviews on the South African crisis earlier this month.

There are indications from the Palace that the dispute is causing less distress there than it is in Downing Street. Some senior figures at Westminster are convinced that the Queen's view on the issue was deliberately leaked, with official sanction, and that Mrs Thatcher is aware of the fact.

The result is that the pressure on Mrs Thatcher to change her

provided of stories to appear in the following day's Sunday Times.

Denials of the allegations of a dispute between the Queen and the Prime Minister have subsequently appeared, but it has now been established that the royal concern on the issue goes beyond the natural concern of the Head of the Commonwealth for its unity. She is said to have been very disturbed by Mrs Thatcher's remarks.

In one of the interviews Mrs Thatcher told Hugo Young, of The Guardian, that she found nothing moral in the attitude of those who called for economic sanctions against South Africa. "That to me is immoral. I find it repugnant," she said.

Mrs Thatcher was speaking as Sir Geoffrey Howe flew to Lusaka for talks with President Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia, a task which Foreign Office sources say was

By James Naughtie

tone and to appear more receptive to the views of other Commonwealth countries is increasing. (By Tuesday, 28 countries had decided to boycott the Commonwealth Games starting this week in Edinburgh. India held off as long as possible, indicating that all she wanted was a statement from Mrs Thatcher that Britain would work at next month's mini-Commonwealth summit in London to reach an effective agreement against South Africa. Sanctions were not mentioned. But there was no response from Downing Street.)

It is vigorously denied that the Queen's differences with her first minister cover a wide range of domestic policies, as suggested in some reports, but it is agreed that there is considerable tension on the question of sanctions against South Africa and policy towards the Commonwealth.

Downing Street, in keeping with tradition, refuses to discuss relations with the Palace, but it is known that conversations between officials in both offices took place last Saturday when details were

made more difficult by the Prime Minister's comments. Others were expressing private satisfaction that Mrs Thatcher's attitude will have to soften before the Commonwealth mini summit next month.

The suggestion from some rightwingers that the stories were planted by senior "wets" to discredit Mrs Thatcher is not being taken seriously by most backbenchers.

Although several senior figures are in deep disagreement with Downing Street over South African policy, most Tories accept that few of them are in a position to make claims about the Queen's views.

Conservative MPs were furious, and divided, at the weekend reports, and in particular the claim by the Sunday Times that the Palace had known of the contents of its report and had offered no objection. Some rightwingers were calling for an investigation at the Palace and the resignation of any officials found to have talked to the newspaper.

Reports, pages 4, 5, 6, 10



## Kremlin radicals seek reform

By Martin Walker



Mr Gorbachev - many proposals now endorsed.

A DRAMATIC manifesto for political and economic reform in the Soviet Union, calling for rival political groupings within a broad Soviet framework and full freedom of the press and of speech, has been obtained by The Guardian. It comes from senior official sources in Moscow.

The 17-page document, entitled To the Citizens of the USSR, is couched in the language of a loyal opposition. From internal evidence, it was written by a group of powerful officials with unusual access to Western sources and to privileged Soviet statistics.

They announce the establishment of a "Movement for Socialist Renewal" (MSR), to bring about a package of political and economic reforms and freedoms which go far beyond the major changes already introduced by Mr Mikhail Gorbachev.

Copies of the manifesto have been sent to selected Soviet media outlets. It ends with an appeal for the public to discuss the document, and to write to the press and television about its proposals.

Should the manifesto be published in the official press, it concludes, the self-appointed leadership of the MSR is ready to defend and discuss its ideas in open debate on Soviet television.

But the official silence and lack of response to a document which has been circulating for some months may have persuaded its authors that the only way to thrust their views into the public domain is through the Western media.

It remains possible that the leak of this document is a deliberate provocation, concocted by anti-reform groups in the Soviet Union who are seeking to discredit the Gorbachev reform strategy by linking it to an openly political programme which threatens the Communist Party and its monopoly of power.

It has certainly been taken with great seriousness by the Soviet security authorities. The Guardian's copy was flown out of the country last week, without any difficulty. But the leak is shared with the American NBC-TV company, and its correspondent, Mr Steve Hurst, was detained at Sheremetyevo airport, Moscow, on Sunday evening, where he was searched and the document confiscated before he was allowed to proceed.

The manifesto is remarkable among political samizdats, or unauthorised publications, for the clarity and lucidity of the argument, the lack of emotionalism, the constant quotations from Lenin, and the quality of information at the authors' disposal.

It contains references to attempted murders in Soviet ships, to senior KGB defections and to the levels of Soviet gold sales and foreign debts. These are figures which are available only to the top levels of Soviet officialdom.

The manifesto is a radical

authors are beyond question. Indeed, they say their reforms are essential to prevent "a reversal of the present US-Soviet military parity in favour of the US, and an intensification of the military threat to our country".

The manifesto sets out a series of economic and political reforms which the authors urged "with deep conviction".

The most contentious is its praise for the pluralism of the Western party political system, which it says "helps to introduce new ideas into the running of state and parties, to create constitution-

Analysis, page 7

al immunity against sluggishness, inertia and conservatism; the bureaucracy, irresponsibility, abuse of power and other chronic diseases natural to a party permanently in power".

It does not call for rival political parties as such, but "different political organisations, all with the ultimate aim of building a Socialist society and the competition between them for the best programme of action in the interest of our ruling class - the workers, peasants and intelligentsia - and for the right to represent their interests in the highest judicial and executive organs, their full responsibility to the people and control by the people".

The manifesto is based on a desperately bleak vision of the prospects for the Soviet Union and the Socialist world if the reforms are not swiftly enacted.

"The results of this analysis show that our country has reached a limit beyond which lies an insurmountable lag in economic and scientific-technical development behind the advanced industrial nations," it says. "The Soviet Union lags 10 to 15 years behind the capitalist countries in its economic development and this lag is growing. The USSR is now on the path to becoming one of the underdeveloped nations."

It is the blackest picture of

economic prospects ever to have come from the Soviet Union, let alone from such official sources. It claims that in 1983 the Soviet Union's foreign debt to the West amounted to \$30 billion and, using current plan figures, it projects a 600 per cent growth in that foreign debt by the year 2000. By the year 2005, the Soviet Union will be spending 75 per cent of its export earnings on servicing the debt.

It claims that the standard of living of Soviet people is one of the lowest in the industrialised world, and that "the living conditions of the rural population, especially those not living on the central state and collective farms, is reminiscent of the life of the Russian peasantry in the early 20th century".

It claims that food shortages are the cause of a rising infant mortality rate, and that "the eternal hunt for the most basic goods and small everyday things leaves people neither the time nor the physical strength to satisfy their spiritual and cultural needs, and is killing their human dignity".

The manifesto has emerged from the intense debates that took place in official circles after Mr Mikhail Gorbachev came to power about the nature and the speed of the reforms needed. Much of the manifesto was originally written for position papers and discussion documents in official think-tanks that Mr Gorbachev encouraged.

It was redrafted into a manifesto after many of its proposals, particularly those for political reform, were apparently rejected with the publication last October of a draft edition of the new party programme and new economic guidelines.

The closeness of the manifesto authors to mainstream official thinking is underlined by the fact that many of their economic proposals have now been officially endorsed by Mr Gorbachev.

But the manifesto argues the need for combining economic with political reform in a strikingly new and urgent way for Soviet authors, although this connection has long been made by Western scholars.

"The crisis of the economic system is closely connected to the political crisis," it says, "which concerns such fundamental constitutional principles of the Socialist state as the freedom of speech, press and assembly, the right of political immunity, private correspondence and telephone calls, and the freedom to form organisations." It argues:

"It is at this point that this loyal and official reform movement starts to make theoretical contact with the 'dissent' reformers like Dr Andrei Sakharov, who made similar points in his open letters to the Central Committee before he was sent to exile in Gorky, and like Roy Medvedev, the historian of Stalin's tyranny, who seeks to analyse the Soviet system from a democratic and also a Marxist viewpoint."

It is the blackest picture of



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## South Africa and Mrs Thatcher's 'moral' argument

It was with dismay and disbelief that I read the text of Hugo Young's interview with the Prime Minister (July 20).

When the Botha regime is resorting to increasingly violent tactics to oppress all forms of opposition to apartheid; when hundreds of black trade union leaders and other opponents of apartheid are being detained; and when the world community is calling for economic sanctions as the only way to end apartheid, I find the Prime Minister's remarks not only impossible to comprehend but totally insensitive to the realities of what apartheid means.

Mrs Thatcher refers to sanctions as a policy which could lead to children being hungry and to blacks losing "good jobs." The black people do not have good jobs. The bantustan system ensures that they are merely a source of cheap labour that can be called upon by the white economy when it needs them and discarded when it doesn't.

As for children going hungry, statistics in 1983 showed that a black child dies of hunger in South Africa every 20 minutes, and that a total of 30,000 black children die of malnutrition in South Africa each year (malnutrition among black children has shown no decline for more than 16 years). Poverty and overcrowding in the bantustans is rampant, and our fellow trade unionists in South Africa have confirmed to us on many occasions the appalling conditions in which they are forced to live.

I fail to see, therefore, how sanctions can make things worse than they already are.

## Learning from the Somme

I agree with George Will's abhorrence of the tragic, and shameful, slaughter of generations of young men in two conventional world wars. "The Cost of Avoiding Another Somme" (July 13).

But I cannot support his argument that the only way to avoid such "conventional" slaughter is by, presumably indefinite, dependence on nuclear weapons.

This is not because as a woman I would have a slightly better chance in a conventional war of doing nothing more dangerous than "keeping the home fires burning". It is because if nuclear deterrence were to fail, just once,

The latest repressive actions of the apartheid regime have proved, in its attempt to intimidate genuine and authoritative representatives of black people, that it will not respond to exhortation or to diplomatic pressures. The report of the Commonwealth Eminent Persons Group concluded that the regime would not countenance the dismantling of apartheid, and emphasised the need for effective concerted action to bring home to President Botha and his allies that the democratic world is serious about opposing apartheid.

This trade union believes we have a duty to do all we can to restore dignity and human freedom to the black people in South Africa and to achieve the eradication of apartheid. We feel that Britain can no longer maintain its isolated position, and that the British Government should respond positively to developments in South Africa by introducing sanctions now.

John Daly,  
(General Secretary),  
National Association of Local Government Officers,  
London, WC1.

You glibly support (Leader, July 20) mandatory sanctions against my country. I strongly criticise the government of South Africa and, as a member of the opposition Solidarity in the House of Delegates, regularly expose defects in its policies. But, Sir, I love my country.

Economic sanctions amount to economic warfare. And it only makes sense if it is a prelude to large-scale violent revolution, a "softening up" process.

not only a generation of young men would be destroyed, but life on this planet.

Men and women have got to learn and pretty quickly the art of negotiating the reduction and, one hopes, the eventual elimination of nuclear weapons. Such negotiation, even with George Will's hated Soviet Empire, is our only hope of survival. Perhaps then, having acquired the habit and the trust, we could apply the same civilised process to conventional weapons.

Doreen Marsden,  
Bridford,  
Exeter, Devon.

Assume that sanctions on a substantial scale would be poverty intensified. The main employers being white, the whites will be protected. This will result in anti-white hostility turning into anti-white hatred.

Thousands will perish from disease or malnutrition. Thousands more will perish in black versus white violence. And if Mr P. W. Botha loses control Mr Eugene Terre 'Blanche' is ready, willing (and will be by the British supporting sanctions be enabled) to establish a white fascist republic.

This is precisely what the Soviets and their supporters within the ANC desire. For after all, liberal reforms do act as a brake upon revolution.

Pat Poovalingam,  
Durban,  
South Africa.

As one who has just returned from southern Africa and actually visited a black township and talked with black people, I must take issue with the sheer hypocrisy of the Prime Minister's outburst as reported, by Hugo Young (July 20).

Margaret Thatcher's claim that sanctions against the South African regime would be ineffective would carry more conviction if she did not herself support sanctions and other forms of external pressure against countries like Afghanistan, Libya and Nicaragua. Sanctions would be effective if the international community had the political will to make them work.

## How the Nationality Act keeps whites out too

The Reverend C. Halliday (Letters, July 6) claims British governments have "continually reneged on their promises to Commonwealth citizens," quoting in evidence the 1948 Nationality Act which, he says, "gave British citizenship (my italics) to all who were citizens of any Commonwealth country." Sorry Reverend, you've got it all wrong!

I was born in a Commonwealth country, in Colaba Barsees, Fort Bombay (April 1930) of an Irish father (Dublin 1887) serving in the Royal Indian Marine, and a Scots mother (Edinburgh). In 1934 my family returned to settle in England. I was "called up" for National Service in 1948 and, seven years later, as a regular NCO in The Life Guards serving in the Suez Canal Zone, I applied through our Embassy in Cairo for a British passport.

This was refused, the Home Office letter stating that on the basis of the information provided, and under the terms of the Nationality Act 1948, I was "a British subject without citizenship, potentially a citizen of India (my birthplace) or the Irish Republic (my father's)." Out of interest, and because I thought it might one day come in useful, I applied for an Indian passport. The Indian High Commissioner's refusal was even blunter: "The fact of your birth in India is irrelevant. As the son of a former colonialist you have no citizenship rights." How's that for a racist remark!

I was eventually granted naturalisation papers. Not, however, on the basis of my birth but because "having completed more than five years Crown Service, you are eligible for citizenship." I did not, however, receive a full passport, granting me the right of abode in the UK, until 1978, at my 30th year of service. Until that

Equally, her claim that the call for sanctions is immoral because it would cause even more suffering and starvation for the blacks would carry more weight if she herself had not turned her back on the Brandt Report.

Clearly she is more influenced by arguments of self-interest than any sudden conversion to altruism. But what she must realise is that ultimately the long term self-interest of the West lies more with black Africa than the white regime in South Africa.

She acknowledges the importance of certain strategic metals like platinum, chrome, vanadium and of course, gold and silver. But what about Namibia's uranium and the whole geo-political significance of South Africa in the East-West power struggle?

In other words, the real issue is not that of race but of power. History proves that those holding on to power never give it up voluntarily and without a struggle. All the evidence clearly demonstrates that whatever cosmetic changes the South African Government may grudgingly have made so far have only been in response to pressure.

(Rev) Clifford Warren,  
Christian Aid,  
Southampton.

Entering a hotel lobby about ten weeks ago, I saw two efficient, sweet natured receptionists — one black and one white — leaning over the desk, absorbed in a fashion magazine. The white girl

date, my passports have an entry certificate on the back page — galling indeed, for a serviceman returning home from overseas duty!

And I, Sir, am white — which puts paid, methinks, to Rev. Halliday's other allegation: "British immigration law... seeks only to restrict black Commonwealth citizens from entering." Sorry Reverend, I was born in a Commonwealth country, in Colaba Barsees, Fort Bombay (April 1930) of an Irish father (Dublin 1887) serving in the Royal Indian Marine, and a Scots mother (Edinburgh). In 1934 my family returned to settle in England. I was "called up" for National Service in 1948 and, seven years later, as a regular NCO in The Life Guards serving in the Suez Canal Zone, I applied through our Embassy in Cairo for a British passport.

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had her right arm round the black girl's shoulder.

To reveal that this pleasant scene of relaxed and unselfconscious friendship took place in South Africa is to invite total disbelief today, such is the fever of over-simplification and near-hysteria being whipped up by much of the Western media. Of course it is not wholly typical of inter-racial relationships in South Africa, but then neither are the clashes between police and unemployed youths in the townships. There are a thousand gradations in between, as well as marked regional variations.

One thing is certain. To throw these two women out of a job by means of sanctions, possibly wrecking their friendship in the process, in order that people living several thousand miles away might enjoy a glow of moral righteousness, would be both a crime and a blunder.

Lord Monson,  
House of Lords.

Prime Minister Thatcher's resolute opposition to collective sanctions against South Africa's racist government appears to be merely a logical extension into the 1980's of the Chamberlain Government's policy of appeasement of Nazism in the 1930's. At that time it was British Toryism that effectively blocked collective security action against the rise of racist Nazism.

By reneging on its signed commitments under the League of Nations Charter, the British National Government of Neville Chamberlain dealt a death blow to the League of Nations and thus made world war two inevitable. The present stance of the Thatcher Government against South African sanctions is merely an updated version of the policy of appeasement of fascism and will destroy the Commonwealth and make inevitable an unlimited escalation of racial violence that will spread far beyond the boundaries of South Africa.

O. G. Rogers,  
Millers Drive,  
Toronto, Canada.

## The indignity of infant school sports day

One of the enduring features of your leaders is their woolly equivocation ("on the one hand... but on the other"), that in your uncharacteristically unambiguous piece on competition in school sports (July 20) you can see no merit in steering your usual liberal course, but instead deliver another self-righteous swipe at the teaching profession.

No doubt there will remain a place in schools for organised competitive sport and for those pupils who want it, that's fine. But there is a very strong case for arguing that this involvement should not be mandatory; anyone who has observed the ritual of an infant school sports day competing with baying parents in their own sporting fantasies on the children and, at best, humiliating laughing at those bringing their rear, will suspect that it is neither a character-forming experience nor the best way of involving a future generation in involvement in sporting activities.

Ruth Campbell,  
Coolahah Ave.,  
Greenwich, Australia.

(Dr) Russell Mosley,  
Gaveston Road,  
Leamington Spa

## Labour sees a £3bn saving in non-nuclear defence policy

ABOLISHING Britain's nuclear deterrent and reducing defence commitments outside the Nato area could save nearly £3 billion, according to a draft policy paper for debate at the Labour Party conference in Blackpool.

The savings, amounting to 15 per cent of the Defence spending, would be made by the end of the first full term of office of a Labour government, but some would be spent on conventional forces.

The cost of transition to the non-nuclear strategy and the possible need to increase conventional defences would mean that little saving would materialise in the first years of the policy.

The conclusions, which are in tune with the refusal of the Shadow Chancellor, Mr Roy Hattersley, to promise spending

There may be a strong case for using a significant proportion of the savings on nuclear weapons expenditure to restore the short-term economies in conventional defences which the Conservatives will need to introduce in order to pay for Trident," it says.

"As a result, in the first years of a Labour Government, we recognise that some of the funds currently earmarked for nuclear and Falklands spending may have to remain within the defence budget. After a number of years it will be realistic to expect that most of these savings could be released for use elsewhere."

The paper says there is a case for some restructuring of Britain's existing conventional defence posture. It recognises that it would be impractical to draw up a detailed

By John Carvel

without resources to back it up, are drawn from a confidential draft of a national executive statement which was broadly approved last week.

It notes that Labour's defence spokesman, Mr Denzil Davies, originally wanted to ensure that "most" of the savings from cuts in the nuclear and Falklands budgets would be retained for other defence purposes.

A national executive/parliamentary Labour Party joint committee amended this to say that only "some" of the funds should remain within the defence budget.

The paper points out that defence spending has increased by 30 per cent in real terms under the Conservatives, distorting the British economy and starving civilian industries of vital resources.

But the Government's defence growth has come to an end and Labour predicts that ministers' planned 6 per cent cut over the next three years will be concentrated on non-nuclear defence equipment, reducing it by 20 per cent.

"The priority of our policy is to achieve a non-nuclear defence policy for Britain and Nato," it says. Early cancellation of Trident would enable most of its £10 billion budget to be released for other purposes.

Decommissioning Polaris and closing nuclear facilities at Aldermaston and elsewhere will eventually increase the savings, but dismantling costs would have to be incurred in the first year or two.

Reductions in defence spending outside the Nato area, including the Falklands, where a negotiated settlement would be pursued, would produce other savings.

"By the end of Labour's first term, therefore, the savings from ending the nuclear role and reducing the 'out of area' role should amount to around 15 per cent of the total defence budget," the paper says.

The proportion of these savings to be used by a Labour government to increase conventional defence spending above levels currently planned by the Conservatives would depend on the Soviet response, the extent of Tory false economies on the conventional side to pay for Trident, and the general health of the economy.

The document says that the aim of the Labour Party is to bring Britain's defence spending down towards the average of European allies as a proportion of national income. It recognises that this could not be achieved in the lifetime of a single Parliament without cuts in conventional forces which it does not recommend.

blueprint without access to all the relevant facts.

The paper says that a Labour Government would maintain the British Army of the Rhine, to demonstrate to European allies its commitment to collective non-nuclear defence.

There would be a need to restructure the RAF away from offensive and towards defensive roles. The long-range nuclear strike bomber version of Tornado would be reallocated from its present deep strike role against targets in Eastern Europe. Labour would also oppose plans for the acquisition of a long-range stand-off missile for the RAF.

Labour would oppose the Royal Navy's plans for strategic anti-submarine warfare — the use of conventional forces to hunt and

Continued on page 6

## Westland inquiry attacks Thatcher

MPs became aware at the weekend of the serious political damage which could be done to the Prime Minister's reputation by publication this week of the House of Commons defence committee's report into the Westland leak affair.

The report is said to be sceptical of Mrs Thatcher's answers to questions in Parliament and to be dismissive of parts of her lengthy explanation of the affair.

Although most of the criticism of the Prime Minister is by implication, the report is understood to use a potentially explosive but as yet undisclosed adjective to describe the inadequacy of parts of her evidence.

It had been assumed in Westminster that the political damage of the report would be limited to its comments on the role of the Attorney-General, Sir Michael Havers, and the behaviour of the former Defence and Industry Secretaries, Mr Michael Heseltine and Mr Leon Brittan. Officials at Downing Street and the DTI are also criticised.

The comment about Mrs Thatcher's performance, however, encouraged the Labour front bench to table an amendment to Thursday's motion for the summer recess. Labour spokesmen will argue that the Commons must not rise until MPs have had a chance to debate the Westland report.

It is understood that there are several undisclosed bombshells in the report. The first is that there was not just one leak, but several. Another is that the Cabinet Secretary, Sir Robert Armstrong, is condemned for carrying out the Government's internal inquiry. The committee concludes that no

THE WEEK IN BRITAIN by James Lewis

## Byelection cheer for the Alliance

THE growing notion that the general election will be a straight play-off between Labour and the Conservatives took a severe knock when Labour came close to losing what should have been an extremely safe seat at Newcastle-under-Lyme, in the Potteries. A by-election there resulted in a swing of 8.2 per cent from Labour to the Liberals and a majority of more than 6,000 was reduced to one of 799. The Tory share of the vote fell by 17.3 per cent.

The Liberals were accused of dirty tricks by exploiting the "dynasty" argument — claiming in leaflets that Mr John Golding, the MP since 1969, caused the election by taking up a well-paid union post in the belief that his wife, Lin, would coast home to victory.

The result was significant because all recent opinion polls have suggested that the Liberal/SDP Alliance is a diminishing force. It was significant, too, because the Alliance traditionally fares better in Tory-held seats than in Labour ones. In this case, and in a seat held by Labour for 70 years, the voters showed little enthusiasm for either of the two big parties. Mr Kinnoch, it was concluded, is still a long way from Downing Street.

What was also significant, in a different way, was the minimal interest shown by the voters in the big issues of the day — South Africa, apartheid, sanctions, and the withdrawal of 24 competitor countries from the Commonwealth Games in Edinburgh. The Commons and the press, by contrast, were concerned with little else and, when the argument over sanctions made little progress, the issue was enlivened by some newspapers with speculation of a constitutional crisis.

The Government's poor showing in the by-election did nothing to help the pound and share prices which dropped sharply at the weekend as oil prices showed a further weakening and Wall Street showed another fall. The Financial Times 30-share index fell by 21 points in one day and, at 1,294 points, was 130 points — more than 10 per cent — down on its peak, reached in early April. Nearly £3.9 billion was wiped off share prices.

There are, in any case, signs that the Government's enthusiasm

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Though the financial markets had been nervous because of signs of weakness in the world economy, political worries added to these concerns in Britain. The weakness of oil prices, it was feared, could lead to as much as £750 million of the amount which the Chancellor, Mr Nigel Lawson, is expected to shell out in pre-election tax cuts next year.

There are, in any case, signs that the Government's enthusiasm

The main object of the scheme, he said, was to break down the "them" and "us" divisions in British industry and to make pay rates more flexible so that they, rather than redundancies, would bear some of the burden of any economic downturn. A proportion of profit-related pay would be eligible for tax relief, which would encourage workers to show an interest in their company's performance.

MPs, by contrast, secure rises above the odds for themselves simply by voting for them. Labour and Tory members joined forces last week to vote themselves an extra £6,000 a year — from £13,000 to £19,000 — in secretarial and other allowances instead of the £2800 on offer from the Government. They argued, with some justification, that they need the extra money to do their jobs properly. But others in the public service, often low-paid, who advance the same justification have to settle for what they are offered.

While Mrs Thatcher may be under pressure at home, she won a legislative victory on Capitol Hill when the US Senate voted overwhelmingly to approve a new Anglo-American extradition treaty which will make it possible to bring IRA fugitives back to England for trial. Mrs Thatcher, who put herself at risk by her support for President Reagan's Libyan bombing policy — another act which is said to have incurred the Queen's displeasure — prevailed on the President to make a personal appeal to the Senate to help to free the treaty from stalemate.

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and may even be accelerating. The returns for June showed that the 41,525 fall in the total number of unemployed was sharply less than was expected for seasonal reasons. The number of unemployed benefit claimants — as distinct from the much larger number out of work — is 3.2 million, and the signs are that the total is still rising at between 10,000 and 15,000 a month.

Another discouraging figure for the Government was that which showed earnings to be still rising at an annual rate of 7.5 per cent in spite of the sharp slowdown in inflation to 2.5 per cent. Wage costs are now a large cloud hanging over the longer-term outlook for inflation, which was doubtless what led Mr Lawson to publish a Green Paper proposing a scheme for profit-related pay in the private sector.

The main object of the scheme, he said, was to break down the "them" and "us" divisions in British industry and to make pay rates more flexible so that they, rather than redundancies, would bear some of the burden of any economic downturn. A proportion of profit-related pay would be eligible for tax relief, which would encourage workers to show an interest in their company's performance.

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## FOREIGN EXCHANGES

	Starting Rates July 21	Previous Closing Rates
Australia	2.3300-2.3420	2.3435-2.3470
Austria	22.47-22.50	22.74-22.77
Belgium	35.87-35.97	35.45-35.75
Canada	2.0025-2.0051	2.0032-2.0112
Denmark	11.88-11.94	12.02-12.04
France	10.27-10.28	10.35-10.39
Germany	3.17-3.18	3.20-3.21
Hong Kong	11.84-11.73	11.88-11.87
Italy	1.0724-1.0730	1.0780-1.0780
Japan	2.142-2.157	2.201-2.207
Netherlands	2.584-2.589	2.583-2.584
Norway	11.10-11.12	11.16-11.21
Portugal	200.35-222.03	222.44-224.09
Spain	203.71-204.00	205.73-209.01
Sweden	10.50-10.52	10.58-10.61
Switzerland	2.584-2.589	2.584-2.585
USA	1.5005-1.5015	1.5010-1.5030
USSR	1.5051-1.5046	1.5070-1.5068

FT 30 share index 2783.94, gold 388.75







## Only heavy pressure will shift the Afrikaner

By Malcolm Fraser

The writer, a former Australian prime minister, is a co-chairman of the *Commonwealth Group*, a Commonwealth body set up in 1985 to mediate between the South African government and black opposition. This article appeared in the *International Herald Tribune*.

SOME say we must be careful not to force the South African government into the larger where it will refuse to budge. I have a contrary view of the Afrikaner character, which I believe should be considered and which is reinforced by the lessons of British history.

The Afrikaner is stubborn, he is determined. He will not be dissuaded from his chosen course by reasoned argument or quiet diplomacy, even if it is called "constructive engagement." He will only be dissuaded by pressure, often extreme pressure. Misunderstanding of this point has hampered the West's dealings with South Africa over decades. We have accepted their disinformation and in our own minds made it reality.

In making a judgment about Sir Geoffrey Howe's visit to South Africa, it is important to understand why the Commonwealth group failed to bring about negotiations between black opposition leaders and the government.

A critical stage had been reached at the end of April and early May. The Commonwealth

support for its concept of the future in such circumstances. On the contrary, a unified black leadership under Mr. Mandela, the jailed head of the outlawed African National Congress, negotiating with the government would have exposed absolutely the mythology of the government's claim for South Africa to be a nation of minorities and the falseness of its suggestion that political rights should be exercised through racial groups.

Such a realization, which would have been evident to the government from reports of discussions we had with Chief Buthelezi and Mr. Mandela, must have been a significant contributing factor in turning Pretoria against negotiation.

We must keep in mind that ultimately there will have to be two or more parties to a negotiation. While the Commonwealth group was confident that the black leadership would have accepted our negotiation concept in April, I think that we would be equally confident that today they would not even consider it.

What more must the South African government do, therefore, to re-establish the possibility of negotiation? At the minimum, it would need to withdraw the emergency provisions and laws imposed in the last few months, lift censorship, and repeal the Population Registration Act and the Group Areas Act, two fundamental legal pillars of apartheid.

By demanding full-time military protection.

With their numbers, the blacks would win, even though it would take 10 or 12 years. The kind of government that would emerge would owe allegiance to its source of arms; it would probably be Marxist, and all of southern Africa would be embroiled. Such a government would nationalize the totality of Western commercial interests. Thus Western strategic and commercial interests would both be destroyed by this course. That would be the consequence of merely maintaining present policies in Britain and the United States.

On the other hand, a government which included Nelson Mandela, and the ANC's president, Oliver Tambo, in addition to Chief Buthelezi and other black leaders, would be largely pragmatic. I doubt very much if it would embark on any major course of nationalization. We need to remember that the Freedom Charter was written a very long while ago, before collectivist policies had been demonstrated to fail for most of southern Africa. It would be naive to suggest that lessons learned across the entire continent have not carried weight with the leadership of the ANC.

The purpose of sanctions would not be to destroy the South African economy. They would need to be constructed in such a way as to give the economy and the white population in particular, a real

## Howe's hands tied by Thatcher's silence

THE Prime Minister, to the despair of even the Commonwealth's more moderate leaders, last week end ignored appeals from Canada's as well as Australia's and India's leaders to make a minimal commitment to discuss selective sanctions against South Africa.

Mrs Thatcher opted to remain silent, even though she had been made aware by messages from her Commonwealth colleagues that such an undertaking by her would have prevented the spreading boycott of the Commonwealth Games, ensured the participation of India, and perhaps brought back some of the black African countries which had earlier announced their withdrawal.

Besides the adverse effect on the Games, this has widened the gulf between Mrs Thatcher and other Commonwealth leaders. It has generated even deeper foreboding about the outcome of the mini-Commonwealth summit on South Africa, which is meeting in London at the beginning of August.

Mr Rajiv Gandhi, the Indian leader, certainly tried to offer Mrs Thatcher a moderate way out of the sanctions impasse. Instead of the much more strident demand by

By Hella Pick

Zambia and Zimbabwe for Britain to make a categorical statement in support of further measures against South Africa, including comprehensive mandatory sanctions, India proposed that Britain should undertake to work at next month's Commonwealth summit to reach agreement on effective measures against South Africa.

New Delhi was obviously in touch with the Frontline African States, and it seems likely that Zambia and Zimbabwe would have decided to send their teams to Edinburgh, if Mrs Thatcher had given such a promise to co-operate at the London summit.

But more immediately, Mrs Thatcher's eloquent silence has served to compound the handicap under which Sir Geoffrey Howe must labour as he searches for credibility with the ANC and other anti-apartheid leaders, during the second leg of his BBC "peace mission" to South Africa.

The Foreign Secretary left for Pretoria on Tuesday and was due to see the Foreign Minister, Mr P. W. Botha, on Wednesday morning, followed later in the day by a meeting with President P. W. Botha.

But the Foreign Secretary has made no headway at all in securing meetings with Bishop Tutu, or any other anti-apartheid leaders, with the exception of Chief Buthelezi.

Mr Nelson Mandela, the jailed ANC president, has maintained

## Labour sees a £3bn saving

Continued from page 3

destroy Soviet submarines armed with ballistic missiles. It argues that this approach should be abandoned because it is provocative and destabilising to the current naval balance in the Atlantic.

The paper calls for a thorough restructuring of the intelligence services to ensure that Britain develops sources of information more independent of the United States.

Labour is also proposing tighter controls on arms exports. It speaks of "the folly and short-sightedness of relying on the volatile and immoral arms trade as a means of preserving jobs."

A Labour Government would institute an immediate review of all British arms sales. It would

## The party men who looked West and saw the warning

THE document, or perhaps it should be called the Manifesto, of the Movement for Socialist Renewal, represents a unique glimpse into the very heart of the Soviet ruling elite, and the debates on reform which have obsessed that elite since Mikhail Gorbachev came to power.

Its authors, who include party and government officials of senior rank, stretching up the central committee, were deeply involved in those debates. And they write from the perspective of desperately worried patriots and Socialists who are convinced that the Gorbachev reforms hitherto enacted have not gone nearly far enough.

Large parts of this Manifesto, I believe, have been read by Mr Gorbachev himself. The Manifesto was born, or at least its ideas, analysis and proposals were first spelt out in various think-tanks and discussion groups that Mr Gorbachev himself established and encouraged. This is the authentic voice of the Soviet elite thinking aloud and debating with itself.

The memoranda and discussion papers from those think-tanks were submitted to the Party and economic planning authorities in the summer and autumn of last year, when the new Party Programme and the economic plans up to the year 2000 were being considered.

The draft Party Programme and the draft Economic Guidelines were published last October, and although they represented a dramatic advance on the past, they came as a terrible disappointment to those committed reformers who believed the times called for more urgent measures.

Their reaction was to boil down a large number of different documents into this Manifesto, and to take the desperate measures of going to Samizdat, to unauthorised publication and underground distribution of their ideas. It is only this and their decision to establish a movement which sets the founders of the MSR apart from a large and influential wing of the Soviet intelligentsia and bureaucracy.

Throughout the months of drafting the new Party Programme, and then the four months of further discussion and public debate in the Soviet press before the 27th Party Congress met, there was a palpable tension in the Soviet Union between the maximalist and minimalist wings of reformers.

Mr Gorbachev himself, from the evidence of his speeches before and during the party congress, tended towards the Maximalist wing. The Party Congress, while endorsing

some of the most dramatic Gorbachev proposals for economic reform, firmly located itself in the centre of the debate. It elected a central committee less reformist, and rather older, than Gorbachev would have liked.

The principle of major reform was accepted; the degree to which reform might go without imperilling the fabric of the Soviet state, was a matter of open contention. Strikingly, Mr Gorbachev's own speech to the Party Congress went very much further than the published drafts.

Indeed, Gorbachev's own report to the Party Congress endorsed many of the economic reforms that are contained in the Manifesto. Their call for the expansion of the rights of individual commercial enterprises to make their own financial and production decisions is very close to what has now become official policy. Their call for private enterprise in the services and consumer goods sector was largely echoed by Gorbachev, and so was their plea for more development and encouragement for the farmers' private plots.

But their suggestion that land and agricultural machinery be rented from the state by citizens, and the rent paid in a share of the harvest, has not been officially endorsed, although it has emerged

By Martin Walker

in the academic journals. Their defence of private shops and traders in the retail sector, which they defend by reference to Lenin's adoption of the New Economic Policy in the 1920s, has also found no official echo.

Nonetheless, the economic reforms they advocate are neither startling nor unthinkable within the present wide terms of the economic debate. It is their political reforms that are so dangerously controversial, and their conviction that economic change will accomplish little on its own, without a parallel transformation of Soviet political life.

They call for three main reforms. The first, on freedom for the press, they defend in terms Mr Gorbachev and some newspaper editors and writers have openly espoused of the need to expose the corruption and illegality of even powerful people.

But they also refer specifically to the role of the Western press in Watergate, the Lockheed bribery scandals, the fall of Japanese Premier Tanaka, and the resignation of the French Minister of Defence over the Rainbow Warrior affair. This means that they have privileged access to the Western press and to Western assessments of those scandals.

The second reform, for freedom of speech and an end to the persecution of people for their political and religious beliefs, goes much further. Their reference to the organisation of clandestine groups and armed mutinies, and to the defections from the KGB, suggests that they have access to information that is very rare indeed in the Soviet Union. Under Yuri Andropov, the KGB became one of the main institutional forces for reform in the Soviet Union, and I suspect that among the authors of the Manifesto are KGB officials.

And anyone who knows the Soviet Union can only applaud the plain human decency that makes them condemn the way the existing apparatus of repression leads to hypocrisy and servility and to the double life where one thing may be said among friends and relatives, but that in official situa-

## THE WEEK

THE Israeli Prime Minister, Mr Shimon Peres, began talks on Tuesday in Morocco with King Hassan, according to government and diplomatic sources in Jerusalem and Rabat.

Meanwhile, the Israeli Justice Minister, Mr Yitzhak Moda'i, resigned after Mr Peres demanded he disavow a series of insulting remarks. Mr Yitzhak Shamir, the Likud leader, said that he hoped to reinstate Mr Moda'i in the Cabinet when he assumed power in October.

In another development, it emerged that a "deep throat" inside the Israeli Government leaked information about the Shin Bet secret service killing of two Palestinian prisoners, and the cover-up that followed, to the editor of a national newspaper months before the affair became public knowledge.

This Watergate-style aspect of Israel's security scandal emerged in a detailed special supplement published by the mass-circulation Ma'ariv newspaper. The supplement was submitted in evidence on Sunday to the high court in Jerusalem, which was hearing seven petitions challenging the legality of the presidential pardons granted to Mr Avraham Shalom and three other Shin Bet officials after the former resigned last month as head of the Shin Bet.

The court president, Judge Meir Shamgar, said that his decision would be published this week. If the pardons are ruled illegal, the scandal could result in the prosecution of Mr Shalom and the officials who conspired with him to suborn witnesses and falsify evidence submitted to previous enquiries into the cover-up.

ISRAEL'S new Levi fighter-bomber was rolled out of its hangar at Ben-Gurion airport on Monday to the sound of brass bands and growing doubts in the United States about the soaring costs of its development. The Pentagon believes that the projected Israeli outlay of \$550 million for 24 of the Levi is over-optimistic, and that the real cost is more likely to be about \$1 billion.

THE Lebanese Justice Minister, Mr Nabih Berri, who heads the Shi'ite Amal militia, vowed to "track down and punish the culprits" who smashed an American University hospital bus, killing four Lebanese Christians.

PRESIDENT Felipe Gonzalez of Spain had to appear on TV to appeal for calm on Monday night after Basque terrorists left eight people injured in a grenade and car bomb attack on the Defence Ministry building in Madrid.

ALLEGATIONS that Dr Kurt Waldheim had a Nazi past were decisive in the former UN chief's election as Austrian President, which was announced last week, after a detailed analysis published last week.

"It is certainly a completely false picture to say a dominant anti-Semitic sentiment in Austria caused Waldheim to win," the 13-page study said in the quarterly journal *fuer Sozialforschung* (Journal of Social Research). But many people voted for Dr Waldheim not because they wanted him as President but because Americans and other foreigners did not want him, it said.

IN CHILE, the army arrested 25 soldiers, including three officers for the burnings of a 18-year-old Washington DC resident and a companion during anti-government protests on July 2. The Washington youth, Rodrigo Rojas, died four days later in a Santiago clinic. The second victim, Carmen Quintana, 18, is still in hospital. Santiago guerrilla commander Brigadier General Carlos Ojeda Vargas, said three officers, five non-commissioned officers and 17 conscripts had been put at the disposal of Judge Alberto Echavarría.

THE Polish authorities last week announced a new bill releasing 20,000 people from prison and giving a heavily controlled sort of freedom to selected Solidarity activists. The word was not being used since the bill does not have a general application. Each case is to be treated on its merits.

JANE JARRELL SMITH, the widow of the astronaut Michael Smith, who was killed in the Challenger space shuttle disaster last January, has filed a \$15 million claim against Nasa for the wrongful death of her husband. It alleges negligence in the January 28 explosion.

US soldiers and Bolivian anti-narcotics officers last week began raiding cocaine-processing laboratories hidden in the tropical flatlands of northeast Bolivia, US and Bolivian sources said.

THE United States, alarmed by the slowdown in its domestic economy, is prepared to drive the dollar down even further on the foreign exchanges in an effort to persuade West Germany and Japan to spend their economies. US officials said this week. Treasury Secretary Mr James Baker is now openly frustrated with Bonn and Tokyo, and is prepared to play a high-risk game of currency confrontation if necessary to avoid a recession.

"They can adopt growth-orientated fundamental policies or they can see the dollar decline some more," one senior Administration official was quoted as saying.

MORE than 600 Colombians have been killed by government troops or police, or gunmen working on their behalf, since the beginning of this year, according to an Amnesty International report published last week.

THE British Council's new director-general will be Mr Richard Francis, 52, until recently managing director of BBC radio. It was announced last week.

## Senior Field Officer Mozambique

CUSO, Canada's largest non-government organization involved in international development, is seeking a person of exceptional maturity to serve as the Senior Field Staff Officer in Mozambique. Candidates should have a strong grasp of development issues in Southern Africa and proven skills in development programming, involving both technical assistance and project funding. Fluency in English and Portuguese is essential.

**SALARY:** Canadian \$31,217 per annum plus a good fringe benefits package.

**STARTING DATE IN THE FIELD:** October 1986.

Interested applicants should submit a current résumé, the names and addresses of three references, and a statement of their own ideas on development issues in Mozambique. This should include information on how they see themselves contributing to development work in this position in light of their own experience. Applications should be forwarded to: CUSO Personnel Services, 138 Rideau Street, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada, K1N 9K7 (Tel. (613) 563-1242 extension 211 or Telex 053-4708) by August 18, 1986.

**CUSO**

## Tyndall-Guardian Funds Prices

Prices as at 11 July, 1986

North American Fund	\$25.44
Money Fund	\$26.90
Overseas Fund	\$17.12
Pacific Fund	Yen 3007
Wall Street Fund	\$36.23
Mortgage Fund	\$510.42
Commodity Fund	\$28.58
Eurobond Fund	\$21.79
Gold Fund	\$8.31

Further information can be obtained from:

Tyndall-Guardian Management Ltd.  
Box 1286, 201 Macanville Bldg.,  
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## The wide open spaces in the mind of Middle America

NOT far from Washington there is an important country which, being of the most part rich, safe and beautiful, commands little attention from the outside world. My wife and I have just paid it a visit.

It is an extraordinary place through which we travelled 6,200 miles without a passport, encountering nothing more alarming than a jaywalking brown bear and a handful of traffic cops unenthusiastically enforcing the 55 mph speed limit. And, yes, the natives all speak a dialect of English and they are friendly to a fault.

"Eat here or we both starve" declared one restaurant hoarding. "Free 72 oz. steak (if eaten in one hour)" proclaimed another. The inhabitants are correct and pleasingly lacking in deference, for it is an old cliché that the social revolution Britain missed actually took place here. What is this tourist's elysium called? Usually

Middle America, a place hard to define except that you know it when you see it.

So Middle America is rolling Kansas and Iowa on the Great Plains, rural South Illinois, flat as a board, and Nebraska edging towards the arid high plains which become the Rocky Mountain states, among them Wyoming which supports half a million people on 97,203 square miles — 2,983 more than the land area of the United Kingdom. At a push it is also Arizona and exotic New Mexico, trendy "sun belt" states though they have become. It is a land of small white-painted towns, an independent-minded citizenry and soil which, where it is not fertile, is often rich in mineral wealth as to make up for that deficiency.

What Middle America definitely is not is Yankee New England, the industrial North East, the South — old and segregated or new and multi-racial — let alone cosmopolitan New York or kooky California. Routine mayhem is something that happens somewhere else, on TV or in the syndicated news reports of the local paper, two of the centralising forces at work here.

For Washington DC, or "the nation's capital" as Middle Americans tend to call it, there is a mixture of respectful awe for the city 2,000 miles away and unconcealed suspicion of the rescuers who run it. Middle Americans are down-to-earth practical people who want to keep the government out of their hair and wallets, yet retain a deeply romantic view of their own experience.

All the same, much of this romanticism remains justifiable. The heroism of their ancestors who settled the West is indubitable even if it was Uncle Sam who made it possible by building railroads and confining the Indian tribes to the bastions where they still endure. Simply to drive across the prairie or through the

desert is to remember that thousands walked it. And if their descendants are Daniel Boones with interstate highways, air conditioning and People's Express to help them they retain enough of the frontier spirit to sustain a restless mobility — as the plentiful supply of near-ghost towns bears witness.

In the South West where booms come and go, folk have moved from elsewhere and often moved on or back again. The roads are dotted with mobile homes on the move, some 70 feet by 20. So is many a suburb — usually the home boasts a satellite TV disc beside it to pick up, perhaps, 50 channels.

### Michael White reports from the heartland

Joe, a USAF veteran, whom we met near the Grand Canyon, had just placed a mobile home on a couple of acres nearby, and was planning to chuck in his warehouse job in Phoenix and live there on his modest military pension of \$400 a month once his daughter was through college. Mack, who taught tourists to ski in Jackson, Wyoming, during the winter and took them white-water rafting in the summer, had just got married, given up living in a teepee (only \$100 a month) and was going back to college at 35.

A touristy corner of Idaho finds Gene, a refugee from New York, trying to revive a restaurant whose recent speciality was food poisoning. None is local. And even in sedate Danville, Kansas, where the old man in the baseball cap, watching his friend replace our burst tyre, plainly is a Danville man, he has a surprise in store. "Yep, I've bin to Yurp," he declared, having first established that the customer's accent hails from Yurp, not from Boston. "Bin to Yurp. Bin to Sathafricker, Brazil. Chinah, Arsetrailla. Bin on a

cruise too."

It transpires that the firm for which he sold building supplies had an incentive scheme until the boss shrewdly sold out just before the market collapsed. Middle America is full of such unlikely tales. Not far away (a mere 200 miles) in Spalding, Nebraska, the town has proudly generated its own electricity — at half price for 75 years.

That of course is an example of self-help, of Americanism not of socialism — a distinction made in large hand-printed letters in a Montana filling station. "There aren't many of us. We help each other," explains a local man who has just described how hail-stones punched holes in his windscreen last year. Here lies another transatlantic misunderstanding: though visiting Brits do well to ponder the hopelessness of our climate (I call it "weatherism") Americans are far more obsessed about it than we are. And well they might be. In a three-week drive we encountered boiling heat and dust storms, snow, hurricane warnings and Wagnerian lightning.

On such a vast continent high politics sits more lightly on Middle America than does the weather. Nuclear war may also be a matter of life and death, but it seems far away and is also a matter of jobs. In New Mexico alone there are 17 military-related nuclear installations, including those which actually gave birth to the bomb in 1945.

Conservative they may be, but there is discernably little of the shrill bombast of the Reaganian cheer-leaders in Washington. Perhaps the ideologues have driven their mobile homes eastwards or gone to Idaho where rightwing extremists, who met there the other day, want to establish a white male-dominated unclave (yes, another one).

Neo-Nazis are one small disturbance in the tranquility of Main St. There are others, of which the most important here is economic.

as every local paper's anxieties proclaim. Mr Reagan may be the perfect President for the boom he has engineered, but in a continental economy a boom is necessarily patchy even while it lasts. Middle America's farmers are depressed (though their land is not), oil has gone bust as has uranium extraction. While Japanese industry thrives, America turns to service industries — and to tourism. Britain is not the only "theme park" around. The Wild West has become one. I have never seen a Main St. so desperate for tourists as Deadwood, South Dakota, where Wild Bill Hickock was, luckily for the town, shot playing poker in the No. 10 saloon in 1876.

"Only chair in Deadwood where Wild Bill was not shot," declares an embittered trader's sign down the street. In adversity there is a marked pragmatism about the role of government, and at state level they cheerfully vote for office-holders of both parties. Nationally it means that no one after Mr Reagan's spell is released can take Middle America for granted. In foreign affairs its instincts have traditionally been isolationist, hostile to both world wars and, fatally so, to the League of Nations, Nicaragua.

Economically, Middle America has also thrown surprises into the national arena. In the Sixties it was Arizona's Barry Goldwater, apostle of the new conservatism. A decade later George McGovern, champion of liberal causes and food stamps (which help the poor and the farmers), bid vainly for the White House from South Dakota. In 1986, as the first agricultural boom bust, the great populist orator, William Jennings Bryan, emerged from Nebraska, to give the Eastern establishment one of the biggest frights it ever had by winning 46 per cent of the vote. Just because nothing much seems to happen in Middle America doesn't mean it never will.

## Aquitaine fondly recalls the days of English rule

THERE is good news from the front in the Hundred Years War. The English are still heroes in Aquitaine more than 500 years after the wine-rich English province was seized by the French king, Charles VII.

Last week marked the 533rd anniversary of the battle that ended with the defeat of an English-led army at Castillon about 30 miles east of Bordeaux. To mark the event, the town of hardly 3,000 people has invested more than £300,000 in a month-long commemoration dominated by ten realistic recreations of a combat in which the English general, Lord John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, was killed. Until the middle of August, more than 800 villagers, assorted horses, hounds, carriages and cannon are restaging the destruction of an army shattered by the first effective barrage in European warfare.

The original 6,000 strong army that Lord Talbot led was made up of about 2,000 English and 4,000 Gascons who, for 300 years, lived in a province administered loosely from London. But in a characteristic show of regional generosity, the commemoration is above all a tribute to English courage and a sly message to Paris that much of Aquitaine has still not swallowed the French invasion.

Castillon, which sits on the Dordogne river among some of the world's most famous vineyards, renamed its main street after Lord Talbot three years ago. This year's

celebrations, the most lavish ever staged, merited a special high mass by the Archbishop of Bordeaux, while about 35,000 spectators were expected for the restaged battles which have taken two years to prepare.

In charge of the massive and spectacular production under the

to-hand fighting and cavalry charges.

A Frenchman might feel he is in the wrong country, as the first half of the evening is devoted to an idealised view of life in Aquitaine during the 300 years after Duchess Eleanor married Henry Plantagenet and her dowry came under an

### By Paul Webster in Bordeaux

shadow of a mediaeval castle is the pre-school headmistress, Mrs Claude Minvielle. Among the shopkeepers, winegrowers, housewives, and children who make up the acting team in mediaeval costume is the parish priest, whose broad, good-humoured red face is typical in an area of good food and exceptional wine.

Attempts to recreate the battle started in 1978 with a pageant outside Castillon's church. After being moved to a field in later years, the event was dropped in 1984 because of a local quarrel. Mrs Minvielle offered to lead a rescue operation, which has meant creating a huge earth stage under Castillon's Château just beyond the original battlefield.

The organising body, Attiler 1453, is also proud that it has avoided the "son et lumière" style for what is described as "grand reportage," culminating in hand-

English administration. The prosperous, well ordered bucolic life comes to a halt when the French occupy the territory three centuries later after capturing other English possessions in France.

The invaders are presented as boorish and cruel. After the French king's troops insult the local women of Castillon, one of the soldiers is stripped and thrown into a pond. When the rest of the occupying force roughed up the townspeople, there was a cry in the stands: "That's the CRS of the time," a reference to modern riot police.

In the second half, the valiant Lord Talbot arrives from England at the request of the Gascons on an ill-fated Falklands-style operation, but is crushed in a realistic attack on entrenched French positions under the castle wall in July, 1453. His moving burial, and the recreation of nine years of later French reprisals that laid the

Bordeaux region to waste, maintain the atmosphere of nostalgia for better days when Aquitaine was English.

Pro-English feeling in the region, which depends so much on its wine trade with Britain, is a well-established fact and so is the selfishness of the local people, where even the café owners insist on paying for the drinks.

At Castillon, whose postal address was recently changed to Castillon-la-Bataille, the main defender of historical precision is the head of the local research society, Mr Jean-Louis Grancoin.

What upsets Mr Grancoin most is that French history books still suggest that Aquitaine was liberated by Charles VII and the nineteenth century monument marking the battlefield refers to throwing off the "English yoke." Until the commemoration, little was done to correct that point of view, although in 1953 a statue of Jesus's mother was put on the spot where Lord Talbot's mutilated body was identified.

But, as Mr Grancoin pointed out during a drive around the area, every vineyard, every village and possibly every soul in the area is still marked by the English connection. The Gascons insist that they still feel "uncomfortable" with Parisians, tempting the question whether life would have been better if the English had won.

"Well, at least we haven't got Madame Thatcher," was an almost universal reply.

## Soviets admit large areas uninhabitable

THE Soviet authorities have finally acknowledged that large parts of Byelorussia are no longer fit for human habitation after the Chernobyl disaster.

They have withdrawn promises made to people living up to 50 miles north of Chernobyl that one day they could return to their homes. A crash building programme is now going on to resettle them permanently much further north.

"It was earlier reported in the press that the overwhelming majority of the evacuees decided to stay in their own regions, closer to their homes," the chairman of the construction board in Byelorussia, Mr Yuri Puppikov, said in L'vestia last week.

"Now it has been decided not to build anything in these regions of Bragin and Kholmiki, but to create new settlements in the northern parts of Byelorussia."

When L'vestia asked him what the reaction of the inhabitants had

been, he replied: "I cannot say that everyone sounded happy. Psychologically, one can understand that they want to live near their homes, even if not in their old homes."

"But, we honestly explained everything to them, telling them it was being done in their own interests and in the interests of the state. There were no protests."

Mr Puppikov was vague on the medical reasons behind the decision. He acknowledged that there had been "a mass of rumours" claiming that the radiation levels had climbed in the regions to be abandoned. This was untrue, he said.

"Nevertheless, the Byelorussian government decided to locate new settlements elsewhere. Before taking the decision, there were detailed consultations with scientists and doctors, who reasoned that those evacuated had already been subject to a certain level of radiation, even if not a dose dangerous to health."

"Why should we let them risk continuing exposure, even to low level radiation? And soon their children will be returning home from their summer camps."

"There was another, purely economic reason behind the decision," he added. "The northern parts of the counties of Bragin, Navolynsk and Kholmiki which did not suffer radiation, are densely populated. At the same time, in northern Gomel there is a labour shortage, so all in all, this deter-

## US consults over summit moves

By our own Correspondents

PRESIDENT REAGAN's special adviser on arms control, Mr Paul Nitze, has flown to Europe to renew consultations with Britain and other Nato allies over the next US move in the search for a summit and an arms breakthrough in 1986.

His trip came shortly after the Foreign Secretary, Sir Geoffrey Howe, briefed key US officials, notably the President himself and the Secretary of State, Mr George Shultz, about the encouraging exchanges with Mr Eduard Shevardnadze, the Soviet Foreign Minister, in London, last week.

US spokesmen are now envisaging a Shultz-Shevardnadze meeting no earlier than the autumn session of the UN in New York on September 22. Both sides seem to be edging towards each other again, but a meeting to prepare for a Washington summit is judged necessary. Mr Reagan seems to be holding out for a firm date, while the Soviet leader, Mr Mikhail Gorbachev, is anxious to establish a firm agenda.

In what bore many signs of hasty decisions to send the veteran diplomat on his travels again, officials normally conversant with Mr Nitze's movements were given only minimal briefings before he left at the weekend. His roving colleague, the more hawkish General Edward Rowny, will pay similar calls in Canada and Asia.

### Spy gets life in effort to deter others

By Michael White in Washington

IN the latest twist to the officially inspired drive against domestic espionage, the first FBI agent ever to be charged and convicted of spying for the Soviet Union has received an exemplary sentence designed to discourage others as well as ensure that Richard Miller himself will "not walk again in this country as a free man."

After Miller, aged 49, made a rambling protestation of his innocence in the Los Angeles courtroom where one jury had already been deadlocked over his case, Judge David Kenyon sentenced him to two concurrent life sentences, plus 60 years for good conduct. He had been convicted on six counts of spying and of bribery after a trial which hinged upon the testimony of a convicted Soviet spy, a glamorous Russian emigre called Svetlana Ogorodnikov, who was Miller's lover.

Rejecting defence pleas for leniency which will now be taken to the Court of Appeals, Judge Kenyon said that he hoped to foster "a recognition on the part of all citizens of the United States" of the seriousness of what the authorities acknowledge to be a growing trend towards mercenary rather than ideological "betrayals of trust."

Despite the trust placed in him during a 20-year career with the FBI, Miller perpetrated "a wholesale betrayal of his country" by giving Mrs Ogorodnikov a 24-page document about FBI methodology and counter-espionage requirements, the prosecution had claimed. In return, he got a \$700 trench coat, sexual favours, and the promise of \$85,000.

Hurt FBI pride and courtroom rhetoric notwithstanding, Miller's secrets were not in the same order of importance as those sold by other American mercenaries within the intelligence community, among them the intelligence analyst Ronald Felton, the spy John Walker, and Jonathan Pollard, who spied for Israel.

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## COMMENT

## Sir Geoffrey and the base of the pyramid

SIR GEOFFREY HOWE went off to the Springboks' den this week to see if he can work a miracle, either this time or at a second meeting. All he has to do is to persuade President Botha to change his adamant attitude on apartheid in such a way that the sanctions demanded by the Commonwealth and so many others become superfluous, thereby saving Mrs Thatcher much self-inflicted embarrassment. In Mrs Thatcher's world turned upside down, where sanctions are immoral but apartheid is

## The Queen's unimpeachable record

NEVER in history has so much been written about so few on the basis of such minimal and unconfirmable information. We are talking, of course, about the Royal family; and it is the House of Windsor's most remarkable accomplishment, in an era of media as lights, that the mystery lingers over that those who claim with the utmost certainty to know the secrets of the palace sanctums turn out to know nothing. Three months ago, for instance, it was claimed — from the usual unimpeachable unnamed sources — that the Princess of Wales was three months pregnant, which case, today, the Princess is a walking miracle. Does the weekend's spatter of tales about the Queen, Mrs Thatcher, and South Africa amount to anything different? Are these latest unimpeachable sources — one lot relating Her Majesty's hopping rage, the other telling of her regal refusal to get involved — any different from the sources who have reprocessed so much self-destructive drivel over the decades?

The commonsense answer is probably not; and since, within any relevant time scale, we shall never really have an answer beyond that provided by simple commonsense, there is nothing much to be gained by wandering amid the old unimpeachables. Better stick to what everyone knows. Everyone knows that the Queen is keen on the Commonwealth. She has been required, for most of her working life, to journey

through its 48 countries, meeting its people — making speeches to its leaders. That has been 40 years' hard slog. She has visibly performed throughout with zeal and enthusiasm. She would not be human if she didn't let that investment of toil and duty weigh for something in today's scales. If the modern Commonwealth — as some now say — is mostly symbolic, then she is the symbol. In such circumstances, it is profoundly unlikely that she would sit pacifically back and watch the fruits of four decades wither in a few weeks of bad diplomatic temper. Probably — because she knows the people involved — she may feel she has a historical perspective that passing politicians cannot touch. In particular, the multiracial nature of the club is deep in her bones. How can she be head of state of so many black nations within the wider Commonwealth if she doesn't feel that?

So it wouldn't be at all surprising, at the moment, if the Queen is alarmed and concerned. Who in her situation could be anything else? Equally though, the chatter of open breaches and constitutional crises is obviously rubbish in that, in the end, nothing will be said openly. Just as she knows the Commonwealth, so the Queen knows better than anyone the frontiers of her role. She won't break those frontiers. She won't say an acid or a plaintive word in public. And, because of that, any attempt to hang a political debate on the Queen's

almost disastrous intervention, look like a quiet weekend in the country.

Mr Botha has done nothing to help either. South African radio's lavish praise of Mrs Thatcher's heroic resistance was tantamount to a crow of triumph. One might have thought that it was in the best interests of the white rulers of South Africa to ease rather than increase the difficulties of their principal protector abroad by a touch of discretion. But that has never been their way. The Commonwealth Eminent

Persons Group thought they were getting somewhere on their earlier mediation attempt, only to have the South African Defence Force blow it up in raids on neighbouring states. This failure and subsequent South African actions and statements strongly suggests that Pretoria actually preferred sanctions to further antagonising hardline white opinion by bowing to pressure. A failure by the Foreign Secretary, with or without gratuitous humiliation, will at least put this issue beyond doubt.

But, as Sir Geoffrey was gently reminded when he chaired a supportive, preparatory meeting of the European Council of Ministers, he is going as the Community's representative, not just Britain's. This gives him more clout than he would otherwise have had, and more than anyone else who has followed the barren trail of mediation in recent months as the South African crisis intensified. Nor should we overlook Pretoria's mastery of the art of playing for time. Sir Geoffrey has two meetings with President Botha. If he is to return with a "concession" it will surely come on the second occasion, after he has had time to see anyone else still prepared, or capable of being persuaded, to see him. If the South Africans were, for example, to let him announce the release of Mr Mandela, or to declare an end to the state of emergency while he is there, it would be a wondrous ploy to deepen the diary by appearing to vindicate Mrs Thatcher's claim that persuasion works better than coercion. We have often argued here that while Mandela's release is the "ouchstone" for progress towards a just settlement, it has no real meaning unless followed by the lifting of political restrictions and genuine negotiations. Similarly the end of the emergency would mean nothing while some of the world's worst security laws remained in force. Sir Geoffrey should be cautious of the Afrikaners bearing gifts. They do not make concessions unless they have to, and in the end they do not care how much of the apartheid pyramid they give away — so long as they remain in possession of the top.

Ian Aitken, page 5

## Labour, defence, and the British electorate

THERE were plenty of Labour smirks when the Davids Steel and Owen fall out, ever so slightly, over defence. Mr Kinnock, it was asserted, had no such difficulties over Polaris or any other matter of future defence policy. In one sense that is true enough. The party — witness the latest plank of executive thinking nailed into place at Walworth Road — is very anxious indeed not to fall out over anything. Mr Healey is silent as the grave in this area, if in few others. Mr Benn and Mr Skinner aren't full of outrage. And yet the lack of a debate doesn't mean there isn't one — as this week's leaked document on costs and strategies shows. (See page 3.) The debate this time, however, won't be so much between conflicting wings of the party as between Labour and what may prove to be a sceptical electorate.

One sharp lesson was drawn from the shambles of 1983: that Labour was perceived to be pretty puny on any sort of defence. Thus, extrapolating forward, it would be possible to go non-nuclear, junking Polaris, booting out American bases, if there was concomitant commitment to strong conventional defence. Once or twice, as this trick was pulled, front bench spokesmen could be heard asserting that Labour might actually need to spend more on defence as a whole in order to bring conventional forces up to (non-nuclear) scratch. Today's new policy document, however, is rather more equivocal on such matters. Scrapping nuclear weapons and Aldermaston, if reckons, may save (net) around 10 per cent of the defence budget by 1990 or 1991; scrapping any out of area activities (the Falklands, far-flung exercises and the like) could bring that up to 15 per cent. But, then, who can possibly foretell what will be happening in Europe? "If the Soviet Union can be persuaded to reduce the level of its own spending on the military, then everything will be hunky dory. On the other hand, if the Soviet Union chooses to build up its conventional forces further, it must be recognised that..." Not so hunky dory. Taking all the different factors into account, the document says, "our aim is that, whilst there will be some

savings in the overall levels of military spending, there will also be some resources made available for the improvement of Britain's conventional defence."

Such on-the-one-handing and on-the-other courses run through the executive policy, from which nuggety little quotes to cheer Mr Norman Tebbit drop regularly. "The Soviet Union and its Warsaw Pact allies may have no intention of attacking Western Europe... Nevertheless... it would be prudent... There is a need for a 'major reform of the process of threat assessment,' so that we, and all the other Nato allies, don't take what America says as gospel. The Tory government which, on the one hand, has brought 'a reduction in Britain's real defence' has also 'contrived to portray a picture of a large Soviet superiority in almost every field.' And then there are the forces on the ground. Labour

FEW things stick harder in the gullet of popular cynicism than the sight of MPs, with monotonous regularity, awarding themselves increases above the odds in wages and expenses. It happened not long after the 1979 election (when MPs overruled Government recommendations for restraint: it happened with indecent haste after the 1983 election when MPs, again against Government wishes, voted for 5½ per cent plus a package phased over four years to bring their salaries into line with higher ranking civil servants).

Last week they were at it again. Labour and Tory Members joined forced to vote themselves £6,000 a year extra in secretarial and other allowances instead of the £800 on offer from the Government. This meant that the base on which MPs' secretarial and research allowance is computed rose from £13,211 (the level the Government wanted) to £19,000. They then passed an amendment raising the base this year by six per cent (compared with a 2.5 per cent rise in retail prices in the year to June) to £20,140. Bully for them. Those who preach restraint need to do so on full stomachs. The debate saw sanctimonious Labour MPs

supports a "greater emphasis" on "temporary obstacles and barriers" on the East-West border. It wants no long-range strikes from the Tornado GRI, which will be "reallocated" to the North East Atlantic. It doesn't want the Navy to use "conventional forces to hunt and destroy Soviet ballistic missile armed subs". Too "provocative and destabilising".

The authors of the document — and all those who approved it — will doubtless consider such a piecemeal rendition extraordinarily misleading and unfair. So it is. So are general election campaigns. But the uncomfortable fact remains that Labour's policy — after 1983 — is now in a state of suspended evolution. Neither bullish nor dovish. It asserts things which are desirable — like a peace treaty with Argentina — whilst assuming the savings of that deal in its total costings. Such a deal is

## That's the way the money goes

pledged to attack high salaries join forces with myopic Tory MPs (many of whom have been trying to reduce the wages of the lower paid and abolish wage councils) to raise their office allowances on the grounds they have decided they are the exception that proves the rule.

But, of course, it is not so simple. At one extreme the Powellite or market view says that since there is no shortage of people coming forward there is no need to raise remuneration. This is true but doesn't get us very far. If MPs were paid nothing (or charged a fee for the privilege) you would doubtless get 650 egos coming forward; but not, crucially, of the quality required. The same fallacy has already been applied to the teachers with disastrous results. At the other extreme there is the case for the mother of parliaments to enjoy Capitol Hill style allowances with high pay and burgeoning research staff. We don't need to go too far down that road, but we do need something to rid us of the distasteful, and ultimately degrading, spectacle of the people who make the laws literally taking the law into their own hands by fixing their own salaries and expenses.

Persons Group thought they were getting somewhere on their earlier mediation attempt, only to have the South African Defence Force blow it up in raids on neighbouring states. This failure and subsequent South African actions and statements strongly suggests that Pretoria actually preferred sanctions to further antagonising hardline white opinion by bowing to pressure. A failure by the Foreign Secretary, with or without gratuitous humiliation, will at least put this issue beyond doubt.

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undoubtedly overdue and sensible. But would any experienced union negotiator tell the other side that he had to settle because he'd already spent the money? There are real and formidable difficulties at every turn: most of all the hop, step and jump which assumes that Americans in Britain can be sent packing without any slackening of Washington resolve to keep its armies and nuclear shield intact on mainland Europe. What Labour is putting forward — stripping away the ambivalences — is the biggest change in British defence policy in modern times. That will have to be commented by arguments at every point — because a full-scale election debate cannot be avoided. Unhappily, at the moment, the argument seems to have stopped half-way; and, if it languishes there, Mr Steel and Dr Owen must fancy the chances of getting their own back.

## Le Monde

ENGLISH SECTION

## How long can power-sharing last?

"COHABITATION" (power-sharing) is like coexistence between East and West. There is the same determination to steer clear of the irrevocable, the same swings between crisis and détente, and the same lack of confidence without which no durable agreement is possible.

The difference is that if coexistence breaks down it would lead to nuclear war, which nobody wants. Whereas a breakdown in power-sharing would only result in elections, and there will in fact be an election in the spring of 1988 at the very latest.

Should the row that has just broken out between President François Mitterrand and Prime Minister Jacques Chirac be seen as the sign that power-sharing is about to collapse and that the former has prepared it?

The fact that Mitterrand refused to sign the decree on privatisation cannot necessarily be put down to pure calculation. Having been elected to the Elysée on a platform where nationalisations formed the main plank, it was difficult for the President to endorse a text that did away with them at one stroke without going back on his word and dismaying his supporters.



Chirac: not taking risks.

All the more so as, by the same token, the text liquidated a major part of General de Gaulle's heritage, since the nationalisation of Renault, Agence Havas (advertising, tourism) and the bigger banks was his work.

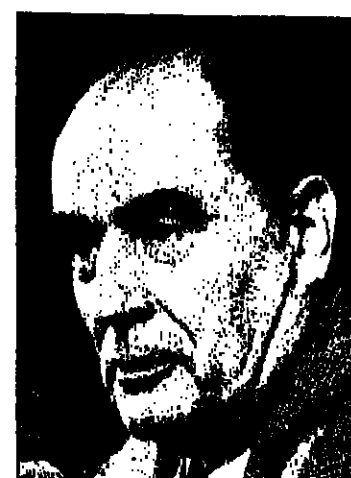
And again, even while no one can doubt the sincerity of the determination voiced by Jacques Chirac and Finance Minister Edouard Balladur to oppose

foreign attempts to take control, the fact remains that, with the exception of the so-called strategic sectors, this determination runs against European legislation, as the Brussels Commission has promptly pointed out.

Having said all that, we should not obviously rule out the possibility that, coming as it does from a man as reputed for his political resourcefulness as the President, this refusal to sign the

By André Fontaine

nationalisation decree) is also dictated by tactical considerations; or that in this case he has picked an occasion to show he was not blowing hot air at the elections when he explained he had no intention of remaining "inert". He may also be testing the reactions of a ruling majority by challenging it in this way, and of a public with whom his popularity has never been so high as since responsibility for government action was taken out of his hands. If this is what he is counting on, the next polls will show whether he was right. At first sight, this does not seem to be the case. There would appear to be grounds rather



Mitterrand: tactical considerations.

for fearing the public as a whole may find it hard to understand the reasons for this domestic quarrel, or even to take it seriously.

1) As the Communist Party gleefully points out, the President has well and truly signed the bill enabling the government to resort to the decree procedure for privatising the 66 publicly owned companies concerned. It is true, he was constitutionally forced to do so. But had he wanted to prevent the privatisation for good, he could have resigned and touched off an early presidential election, leaving it up to the sovereign people to settle the issue between the parliamentary majority and himself.

2) It is he himself who suggested to the Prime Minister to get around the problem caused by his refusal to sign the decree by transforming the decree into a draft bill which nobody doubts will be approved by parliament. When it has gone through parliament, François Mitterrand will promulgate the law, for once again he is constitutionally bound to do so. Not being madly interested in the endless intricacies of the law, many French citizens will wonder what all the fuss is about.

3) The privatisation debate is far from rousing the same passions that were generated by the nationalisation. There are two quite simple reasons for this: a) Five years ago, shareholders of companies earmarked for nationalisation feared being shorn

like spring lambs. In the end, with the help of the Constitutional Council they made such tidy packets out of it that certain financiers were able to build up very substantial leverage using the compensation they received.

b) A segment of the employees of these firms believed it would be completely changed by nationalisation. Basically, nothing like that happened. The psychological effect of the adventure was certainly beneficial to the extent that a fairly unreal ideological controversy petered out and many Socialist activists placed in charge of publicly owned enterprises not only discovered the realities of management, but demonstrated their capacity for dealing with them.

Lastly, the Mitterrand-Chirac dispute comes at a time when the public is split, as is the rule at this time of year, into three categories: those going away on their holidays, those getting ready to go holiday, and those prevented from taking holidays by the insufficiency of their resources. All so many reasons, coming on top of the one already given, why the whole business is taking place amidst indifference and lack of comprehension.

In the circumstances, Jacques Chirac has done right to follow his ministers' and advisers' suggestions not to take the risk of sparking off a crisis today. For the first time since his return to the Matignon, he has called on the public as a witness in his own complaints about the President. This is something new in the history of power-sharing whose contradictions, until now carefully papered over, have suddenly been brought out into the open. It is also a new departure in the history of the Fifth Republic, and people like Raymond Barre and Jean-Marie Le Pen who have been tireless, saying right from the beginning, that the Fifth Republic and power sharing were not made for each other can only use it as an argument.

It would be an exaggeration to say the state's authority is going to be strengthened by this during the 20 months at most which separate us from a presidential election.

(July 18)

## Riding the 'new détente' express

SOVIET Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze's three-day visit to London ended on Wednesday, July 16, confirming and extending Mikhail Gorbachev's big campaign to win friends and influence people in Europe which he kicked off when he received French President Mitterrand in Moscow. The same easygoing style, the same smiles, the same shyness of controversies, the same concern to put old quarrels behind, like the tit-for-tat expulsions of Soviet and British diplomats less than a year ago. The first Soviet foreign minister to visit London in ten years, Shevardnadze has carried out his mission successfully. The way he settled longstanding issues like the Russian loan alone shows that the new men in office in Moscow do use their imaginations.

Nonetheless, there does remain a substantial amount of vagueness concerning the prospects and dimensions of the "new détente". With his many peace proposals in recent months and his new approach to public relations, Gorbachev has been quite successful in putting across the image of a

new kind of leader sincerely anxious to cut through the obstacles that have piled up on the way to agreements, but regularly frustrated by an American administration determined only of confrontation and the arms race. Look how good we are compared with the wicked Reagan is the gist of the message.

It so happens that this impression is not shared by Western diplomats — and they are not all American or Reaganites either — in Geneva, Stockholm and Vienna or elsewhere who are engaged in the difficult job of doing the spade-work on dossiers and putting embryo plans into form. On many points, the advances formulated by Gorbachev are not followed up at the negotiation table, when they are not in fact coupled with backward steps that are sometimes disconcerting.

Little headway, for example, has been made in the Vienna talks on conventional force reductions, despite Gorbachev's offers of reduction from the Atlantic to the Urals. The Warsaw Pact countries did, it is true, make a substantial concession at the Stockholm conference

on confidence-building measures: they agreed to leave aside the question of verifying the movements of air forces and to discuss only land manoeuvres, but the East's proposals on verification fall very far short of Western demands and even of what Gorbachev and other spokesmen have hinted at in their public statements.

Two explanations are put forward for such contradictions. Either Gorbachev is playing a double game and is trying to build up a public image rather than real agreement. Or else he sincerely wants to break out of the corner but his efforts are blocked by a diplomatic structure which is still in the rigid Gromyko mould in spite of recent reforms. Until we know better, and in view of what is happening on the domestic policy front, the second explanation appears to be more plausible. At any rate clarification will be necessary if the "new détente" train — Reagan has finally clambered aboard it — is to reach its destination.

(July 18)

Pravda Gorbachev — page 13

## Cattenom and the Chernobyl factor

THE FACT that the protest demonstrations organised by West German and Luxembourg environmentalists on Sunday, July 13, against the Cattenom nuclear power plant in Lorraine came to nothing should not make the French authorities believe they have got rid of this thorny problem. In the first place, other demonstrations are bound to follow, and secondly because Cattenom is already the subject of friction between Paris, on the one hand, and Luxembourg and Bonn, on the other, even if officially the governments concerned do not want to aggravate matters at all. Cattenom has again become an issue because operations have be-

gun to equip the first section of the plant with its nuclear core, for it is due to go on stream in October. It is also part of the shock caused in many West European countries by the Chernobyl disaster.

For some weeks now Cattenom has already been at the centre of sharp controversy in the German Federal Republic, and its Minister of the Environment, Walter Wallmann, appointed in the wake of Chernobyl, declared: "I'm aware of the concerns and fears that the Cattenom power plant has generated in the border areas. The government of Chancellor Kohl is taking these developments very seriously." Which is precisely why Wallmann was coming to Paris for

talks with his French counterpart, Alain Carignon, and Minister of Industry Alain Madelin.

Officially Bonn is not opposed to Cattenom going on stream. But it has to take into consideration the very strong opposition to it, opposition spearheaded by the Saar which is run by the Social Democrat Oskar Lafontaine who is close to the pacifists. Lafontaine considers that Bonn should, "in the name of Franco-German friendship", get Paris to postpone commissioning the power plant until on-site inspection has shown that a maximum degree of safety prevailed.

Naturally suspicious of French

Continued on page 14

## Water Engineers &amp; Vehicle Mechanics

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PRETORIA — "No armed struggle can win without Inkatha participation," warns Gataha Mangosuthu Buthelezi. "There can be no political negotiations without our taking part in them. We are an inextinguishable presence in the struggle for liberation. From this position of strength we extend a hand of friendship to all, and we warn anybody who may be thinking of resorting to brutal methods against us to think twice before acting. We can't say to what extremes black anger could go."

This anger is that of the Zulus whose six millions add up to South Africa's biggest black ethnic group. Gataha Buthelezi is Chief Minister of the KwaZulu homeland. He presides over the destinies of this autonomous Bantustan inhabited by the descendants of the formidable warriors who once gave so much trouble to British soldiers and Boers in search of new land.

Inkatha is only the political arm, the popular movement of KwaZulu and Chief Buthelezi, this descendant of the armed revolution who handles words as efficiently as he would an assegai. Inkatha is an old cultural movement that Buthelezi revived from its ashes in 1975 and today it claims to have a membership of a million. This great grandson of King Cetewayo, who acquired renown by inflicting a severe defeat on British troops in 1879, is in sole control of Inkatha and uses it as a ready instrument for furthering his political ambitions.

The 57-year-old Zulu leader, whom his father named Mangosuthu (literally: "too handsome to be true" when he was told of his birth), inherited by tradition the torch of the Zulu nation, that is, the "children of the sky". He considers it insulting to be reduced to the level of a tribal chief for this disregards his role as a national leader as well as the 40 per cent of Inkatha members who he claims are not Zulus. Without a doubt Chief Buthelezi does occupy a political position both in South Africa and the world. Western statesmen appreciate him as a centrist, a moderate and legitimate leader taking a middle-of-

Hostility between the two wings of the black political opposition to the government of South Africa has taken a turn for the worse with the charges recently made by Chief Gataha Mangosuthu Buthelezi, the leader of six million South African Zulus, that the African National Congress (ANC) had "ordered his assassination".



Buthelezi: "Blacks will be totally crushed by sanctions".

## 'No victory without us' says Chief Buthelezi

By Michel Bole-Richard

sober suit which he from time to time swaps for a leopard skin and cap on festive occasions — Mangosuthu Buthelezi is a political animal. He gives his opponents as good as he gets; he travels around the country and the world spreading his ideas and speaking about his fears. His platform is to abolish apartheid, get rid of the three-chamber parliament, free Nelson Mandela and the political prisoners, legalise all political organisations, draft a new constitution and hold elections in which all South Africans would take part. As a firm opponent of apartheid, he has consistently rejected independence for KwaZulu which consists of 44 tracts of land scattered throughout Natal province. "It's an illusion to imagine there'll be peace, stability and economic growth without getting rid of apartheid and making substantial political changes," he says.

For years he has been unsuccessfully asking the government to draw up a timetable of reforms. The authorities do however try to curry favour with a man who is the symbol of peaceful dissent because of the real or alleged weight he is said to carry with ethnic Zulus.

But the South African authorities will not accept the prerequisite that Buthelezi sets for initiating dialogue — the release of Nelson Mandela whom the KwaZulu leader greatly admires.

Unlike a good many other anti-apartheid organisations which urge sanctions, he is conducting a strenuous campaign against such measures, for he says "the blacks

will be totally crushed by the collapse of the economy."

A former ANC colleague of Oliver Tambo, Walter Sisulu and Nelson Mandela before the Congress opted for violence after it was banned in 1960, Buthelezi has to this day not stopped campaigning against violence, for he believes this will never help to achieve liberation. "History has shown that men who use terrorism to seize power utilise terror afterwards to govern," he says and adds that on this point he is in agreement with the South African authorities.

As an advocate of free enterprise, he pointed out that "in Africa, where socialist theories have been put to work, nowhere have they permitted improving the lot of ordinary people." A controversial figure, accused of megalomania, occasionally of being a "puppet of Pretoria" and a "traitor to the cause", a symbol of the ethnic division instituted by the government with its homelands policy, Buthelezi clashes more fiercely with his direct political rivals, the ANC and the United Democratic Front (UDF), than with the white government.

It is a political struggle which sometimes turned into pitched battles, as happened in August 1985 in Durban when 70 persons were killed in the course of a clash between Inkatha members and UDF activists.

The opposition is making a showing in every sector, including the labour union sphere. On May 1 Buthelezi presided at the launch of a labour union federation, the

UWUSA (United Workers Union of South Africa) aimed at countering the influence of COSATU (Confederation of South African Trade Unions) which is close to the UDF. Buthelezi is accused of splitting the black community and playing into the hands of the authorities. The more open mind he has about South Africa's ruling class has earned him the label of "South African Muzorewa", after the black Zimbabwean bishop who was Ian Smith's prime minister in the former Rhodesia. Things have not come to that yet.

Chief Buthelezi moreover thinks that South Africa is "on the brink of the nightmare that Rhodesia knew for 15 years before finally becoming independent in 1980." That, he insists, is "a mistake not to be repeated." Worried about the future, he would like to see President Pieter Botha proceed to make changes as fast as possible, for "the time could come when I'll have to fight when my people ask me. As their faithful servant, I'll do what they tell me to do." For the moment, he is "putting pressure" and notes that some steps have been taken. He is doing this because he is "convinced that it is at present the only good way."

In spite of charges that he is working "within the system", he continues to press along the road he has set himself, taking up and answering objections raised by his detractors, who are also becoming increasingly virulent.

The Zulus' celebrated combativeness is still not something to be relegated to the prop department. Buthelezi puts up a mettlesome defence of his conceptions, for he declares that democracy starts when one begins to accept the others' positions. He is highly critical of the "prophet Tutu", intimidation and intolerance, a failing of which he is not exempt in his rejoinders and attacks. "Democracy is not an exercise," he points out. "After African countries became independent, the fighting went on among blacks. Look, they're still going at it in Angola and Mozambique. Blacks aren't angels."

(July 9)

## Change comes slowly to Stroessner's Paraguay

ASCUNCION — Pretty villages. Towns so small you have driven through them before you realise it. A capital just about touched by the 20th century. Ox-drawn carts all over the place hauling loads of wood. Cooking done on tripods in thatched cottages. Earth used for everything, for making cobs for huts, for pots. In every square, the church occupying a strategic vantage point and the bronze statue of a hero on a prancing charger beside a monument to the dead of the "great war" (the War of the Triple Alliance — 1865-1870 — that Paraguay fought against an alliance of Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay, which cut down Paraguay's population from 1,000,000 to 200,000, 90 per cent of them women).

This backward Paraguay preserved in a time warp is dear to General Alfredo Stroessner. It is the vast reservoir from which the dictator draws its staying power. Somebody once said of Franco that he rose up against the Spanish republic not so much to "defend the capital" as to safeguard the peace of its villages, the silence of old Spain. There is something of Franco in this descendant of Bavarian ancestors with his beer-drinker's complexion who has been governing Paraguay for 32 years. And something of pre-Enlightenment Spain in this country which displays the portrait of its capricious ruler everywhere and the "appearance" of Christ on a cracked wall makes

the front page of every daily. Yet the whole of Paraguay is not antiquated. The highways, radio and cotton and soya bean multinationals have opened up this old landlocked "Mediteranean" state and confronted it with a dilemma: general with this eternal dilemma: nothing arbitrary survives without a modicum of development, but development also leads to questioning the arbitrary. "Stroessner has plenty of foes," says an opponent, "and the most daunting of them all is modernity."

Even in Asuncion modernity is nowhere near triumphing. Life goes on at a leisurely pace. Ministries function half-time. Banks close at 11 am. The word used is *siesta* to describe the long hours spent behind drawn shutters in an impressive silence.

South America's first train is here. In 1981, for its centenary, General Stroessner gave it "back to the Paraguayan people". A British-made locomotive equipped with a huge funnel and requiring these men to keep it stoked up with logs. It takes the train two hours of strenuous huffing and puffing to cover the 40 kilometres to Ypacarai.

Restaurant owners who write their menus in chalk on blackboards, post offices which offer the public pots of guiso and inkwells laid out on stone desks and where writing has been turned into the most solemn of fine arts; people selling touched-up coloured illus-

trations torn from history books; schools with benches; churches for Buñuel films: this Paraguay where time has stopped often makes you think of prewar France, the France of Gaston Bonheur.

At the same time, there is a tramping, fast modernity which updates the old landscapes — lower blacks, snack bars, Korean or Taiwanese shops, check-a-block with smuggled hi-fi sets and video

By Charles Vanhecke

games brought in through ways scarcely concealed because they are protected in high places. Paraguay has no false modesty about being the continent's leading smuggler.

Like so many Paraguayan villages, Piribebuy surprises you by its silence and tranquillity. Hardly any radios, few cars and an appearance of cleanliness — it is general in the country — which contrasts with the dirtiness in neighbouring Brazil. "A place so calm," says the local priest, "that it seems to have been made for relaxing."

More than a century ago, during the great war, Piribebuy's women defended themselves against the Brazilian invader by hurling boiling water at him and firing cannons stuffed with shards of glass and sand. The children painted beads and moustaches on their faces to fool the enemy from a distance.

Today the priest says of the local peasants that they are peaceful, tame and "afraid of becoming organised". So what has happened? Has their courage failed them? Against General Stroessner? The question was not to be asked, for the priest, who is reputed to be progressive, says of the president-general that "he's a gentleman who has done much, it must be acknowledged. His mistake is not having prepared his succession."

You have to go some distance away to Caaguazú, in the neighbouring department, to hear another kind of talk. At tea time, Paraguayan tea time — when the *yerba mate* or *tereré* brewed in cold water is passed around and people take turns to sip it through a straw — Gabriel Garcia told me what happened in the countryside these past ten years. He is one of the young leaders of the Peasant Movement, an organisation built upon the ruins of the Agrarian Leagues where the Church had taken the initiative but which were wiped out by the 1976 crackdown. The few of his comrades working with him, he says, "are the ones who escaped torture and death."

He admits the government has carried out agrarian reform which the authorities say has benefited 100,000 persons who are now settled on land that is largely public property. But, says Gabriel Garcia, because there were no credits, the new landowners did not prosper, and have abandoned

the hills on which their holdings were located.

It is with the landless peasants that Gabriel Garcia is planning to form his rebel army in a country which had long not known what hunger was, where each farmer had his plot of land or found in emigration a way of escaping the land concentration. Seated on a stool before his hut, Gabriel Garcia spoke "well". This is why his elders sent him abroad as a youth to get himself an education. And he has come back speaking even better, but with all the stock phrases of an ill-digested Marxism.

Between Gabriel's sweeping activism, and the peasants' big sleep, there is room for more shaded realities. This is not something, of course, that you ask the *colorados* to explain. They are the members of the official Colorado Party with which Stroessner and the army have held the country in their grip for three decades and more. They have sections in the tiniest community and they are police stations, schools and dispensaries all rolled into one. On days when there are marches, the *colorados* wear a red scarf (the party emblem). It is the same scarf which can be seen on official portraits of the "radiant star of the national renaissance" — General Stroessner.

The *colorados* say that when the general took office there was no running water in the capital. Only

Continued on page 14

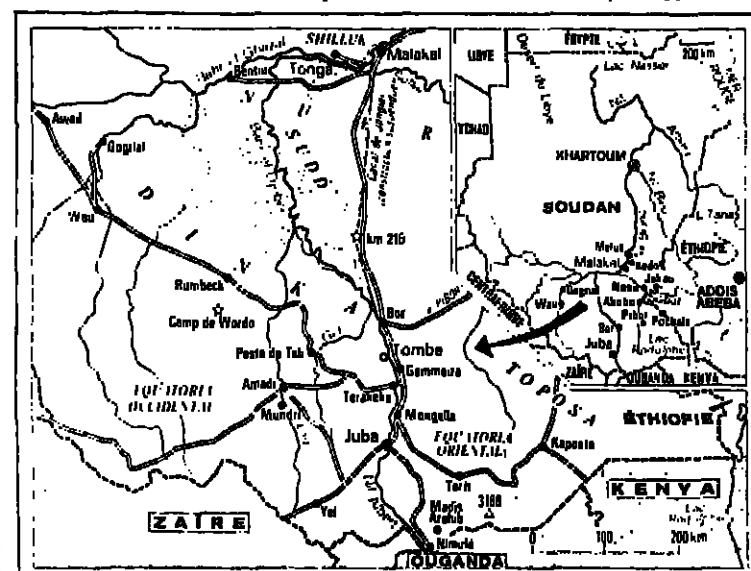
## Sudan's civil war continues unabated

By Jean Gueyras

just as disastrous for the South which has been turned into scorched earth by the fighting. Demoralised by successive purges of the military high command and under-equipped, the Sudanese army has long since abandoned the idea of taking on the rebels in pitched battles. Stationed in the main garrisons in cities in Bahr el Ghazal, the Upper Nile and Equatoria, the army goes into action only every time it is attacked by the Sudanese People's

tactics that had already been used under Nemeiry: they are arming Muslim tribes who have traditionally been the foes of Christian and animist tribes, such as the Missiriyas, the nomadic Arabs of South Kordofan, and inciting them to attack the Dinkas in the Bahr el Ghazal region who form the biggest autonomous ethnic group in Sudan and the human reservoir from which the SPLA draws the bulk of its fighters who move around in these areas like fish in water.

On December 24, 1985 and



IN THE UPPER NILE, the Sudanese army controls the regional capital of Malakal. It has garrisons at Nair, Bentiu, Akobo, Joka, Malut and Kodok which are practically besieged in an area almost entirely occupied by SPLA units. The Bor and Pibor military posts are continually harassed by rebels who recently forced the army to evacuate the village of Pochala near the Ethiopian border and the so-called "Kilometre 215" point along the Jonglei canal, work on which has been suspended since February 1984.

The Anyanya II, which was once the SPLA's ally, has sanctuaries between Nair and Akobo in the Nouer region. In 1985 Anyanya II became a local militia battling against the SPLA on behalf of the Sudanese army of which it is now practically a part.

Wau, the capital of Bahr el Ghazal, and Awel are under siege from the SPLA and only military convoys can negotiate the road linking the two localities. Further south, Rumbek, which was occupied on March 4 by John Garang's troops, was taken back on May 7 by government forces coming from Maridi. But the guerrillas are still active in the neighbourhood and on May 18 brought down a Sam-7 military helicopter carrying the commander of the city garrison, the bishop of Wau and several representatives of humanitarian organisations. The Yroi and Sambe localities are occupied by the guerrillas.

Eastern Equatoria, which has long been spared by the rebellion, has for the past year been the venue of operations led by SPLA units coming from the Boma plateau. The city of Kaposta is practically under siege from rebels who are also present between Torit and Juba, and between Mongalla and Gemmeiza. The road between Juba and Bor is closed to traffic and the route between Juba and Nimule can be used only under armed escort.

Liberation Army (SPLA). The latter's tactic is to encircle and starve out cities and villages to force the garrisons to surrender or erode them as most of their soldiers are from the South and are therefore receptive to rebel propaganda.

To cope with the guerrillas' unconventional war, the military in Khartoum are increasingly resorting to very unorthodox combat

again on January 4, 1986, for example, nomadic Missiriyas — about 1,000 young men armed with modern weapons provided by the military — devastated an entire tract of land with close to 200,000 inhabitants in the Twic region, north of the Gogrial district. A report sent by Wau notables to Sewar el Bahab, the head of the TMC, spoke of thousands of homes, hundreds of shops,

to be, a Secretary-General of the CPSU is still the top man of a *nomenklatura* (communist ruling class) whose distinguishing characteristic is not sentimentality. Since Stalin he is no longer the sole all-powerful master with whom it would be sufficient to reach understanding. Gorbachev is no exception to the rule. Contrary to what we might believe, he doubtless still has many a political battle ahead of him before imposing himself indisputably.

Under the circumstances, is it then realistic to accept as an essential premise that Gorbachev's priority is economic recovery and his fellow countrymen's well-be-

12 schools, six clinics and a Catholic church being burned down by the attackers, who were apparently commanded by military officers in civvies.

They also destroyed close to 48,000 metric tons of millet, permanently sealed up seven wells dug by UNICEF and took away 20,000 head of cattle and some 30,000 goats and sheep. The attack left some 160,000 persons homeless who had to take refuge in arid and barren territory south of the Lol river.

The same report states that the sweep was preceded on November 25, by a ten-day raid conducted by a 300-strong group of armed Missiriyas in another area of the Twic region inhabited by 100,000 Dinkas. The toll of that raid also was heavy: 53,000 head of cattle and 150,000 goats stolen by the attackers, several hundred homes burned down and the entire population driven south of the Lol river into a wretched area already crowded with refugees suffering from hardships, famine and exposed to the weather.

Several hundred thousand head of cattle are believed to have been killed, stolen or dispersed by the Missiriyas and other Arab groups also armed and led by the army since the beginning of the civil war. "It is in fact a real genocide attempt," said an official of a Sudanese humanitarian organisation in Khartoum. "We know that cattle constitute the basis of the Dinkas' economic life, and killing the cattle in Dinka territory means depriving the local people of their means of subsistence and turning them into refugees dependent on international aid, that is, making it impossible for them to help the SPLA rebels."

In mid-May, the British charity organisation Oxfam pleaded for a ceasefire so it could distribute food to people in regions hit by the civil war in the south of the country. The plea for a "food truce" has been recently repeated by 17 organisations and churches working in southern Sudan.

It is highly improbable that the Sudanese leaders will heed such cries of alarm from humanitarian organisations. The SPLA has already rejected the idea of a "food truce" on the grounds that in the past government troops frequently broke truces and misappropriated aid for its own use. The civil war, now in its third year, has created an ocean of suspicion between the North and the South. The only hope for peace is in a solution negotiated at the very top. And that requires the North's leaders to give the South assurances on the *sharia* and the South's unity, and Garang's rebels to be less intransigent.

(July 12)

NOBODY expected François Mitterrand's four-day visit to Moscow to produce anything remarkable, but nobody expected either the French president to pay such glowing tributes to Mikhail Gorbachev. Both at the official dinner given in his honour at the Kremlin and at the news conference, Mitterrand spoke of the Secretary-General of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union in highly favourable terms, which is equivalent to taking a "wager on the future of Soviet society."

"A modern man, a man of his time... representing one of the greatest nations of the world and fully open to today's realities as to tomorrow's tasks..." The superlatives were plentiful during four days. But there is more: Mitterrand practically awarded a certificate of good faith and sincerity to Gorbachev. He considered that "the emphasis Mr Gorbachev is constantly placing on détente is real" and "he is not biased towards armament." Mitterrand added that in Gorbachev's view "it is better to harness human energy to profitable tasks" rather than to military expenditures.

Allowances must of course be made for diplomatic considerations in this avalanche of compliments. The Soviets laid on an excellent reception for Mitterrand, and Gorbachev was unusually attentive to him. But the fact is Mitterrand's statements went well beyond the bounds of polite for-

### COMMENT

malities that the occasion required and prompt us to ask two questions at least. The first concerns the personal idea that a Western leader can establish with communist leaders. What are such relations worth? Is it not unrealistic to believe that the other side will take such ties into consideration when it comes to a crunch? This was the case of Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, whose admiration for the Polish leader Edward Gierak was not feigned and who thought he could talk Leonid Brezhnev into modifying his policy on Afghanistan.

"Modern" though he may appear

## Praising Gorbachev

ing? Shouldn't we keep in mind the failures encountered by all the economic reforms which have been proclaimed in the USSR from time to time? And are these setbacks not ingrained in the nature and operation of Soviet institutions? Is not exalting competence and efficiency and exposing oneself to criticism for being "soft on imperialism" tantamount to: political suicide in the USSR?

There is nothing suicidal about Gorbachev. His main concern is still to stay in power. It would be surprising if he had not long ago learnt the lessons of Khrushchev's experience. The least that can be said is that this does not buttress the expectations paraded by Mitterrand.

(July 12)



## Raymond Savignac: master of the visual pun

Your dream was to become a champion cyclist. How did you end up designing posters?

When I was a lad, you know, I'm not sure I wanted to be anything really. I did a lot of cycling, in fact I adored it so much I used to draw pictures of cyclists in action copied from caricatures in the papers.

One day, when I was training with some friends on the Longchamp track, a famous cyclist joined us. To impress him, we put our heads down and started pedalling hard. But he just coasted along with his hands on the top of the handlebars as though he was out for a gentle ride in the country.

After two or three laps he made a remark I'll never forget. He said: "Enough larking about, boys, I've got to do some serious training." He hunched himself up on his saddle and, before we realised it, became a dot on the horizon. That really dented my ambition on becoming a professional cyclist. All that was left to me was drawing.

How did you start?

I began working at the age of 15 and-a-half as a draughtsman and tracer for the Compagnie des Transports Parisiens. I had to colour in bus maps and so on. That lasted for a couple of years, and then, when they started laying off staff, I found myself working for Robert Lortac, one of the pioneers of animated film commercials.

That meant you could start drawing at last, didn't it?

Not exactly. Lortac took me on even though my curriculum vitae was hopeless. He wanted me to make cartoon films. In its early days, animation consisted of making cut-out cardboard figures, placing them against a background, and filming them frame-by-frame in slightly different positions.

Naturally Lortac realised I hadn't a clue. So as not to have to sack me, and also because he was paying me very little, he put me in the archive department. I was in

THE well-known French poster designer, Raymond Savignac, is a sprightly 79 and has no intention of downing tools. His distinctive posters, remarkable for their eye-catching quality and telling visual puns, still appear regularly on hoardings and in the Paris Metro. There are two exhibitions of his posters this summer, one at the Musée-Galerie de la SEITA in Paris, the other at the Musée Montebello in the Normandy seaside resort of Trouville where Savignac lives. Although not much given to interviews, Savignac agreed to talk about his work to Bertrand Raison.

charge of cutting out the figures, arranging them in alphabetical order, and so on. After a time I got promoted.

In those commercials, we had to reproduce by hand the product or the existing advertising of the product. From time to time I had to copy posters. The first one I reproduced was by Charles Loupot, then I got my hand in with the work of Cassandre, Carlu and many others.

But I didn't feel at home in animated films, as I had neither the patience nor the talent to tell stories. Matters were made worse by the fact that the comic effects in Lortac's films were seldom funny. But he was an excellent teacher in

could actually do. I was at the end of my tether, so, as I admired Cassandre, I decided to go and see him, just like that, out of the blue. I had nothing to lose, as I was feeling suicidal.

I had an extraordinary stroke of luck. Cassandre, who was artistic director of the Alliance Graphique, only came in twice a week, on Tuesdays and Fridays. It was a Tuesday. He saw me, and I left with a commission to do a poster and a leaflet. In a single day I had gone from desperation to exhilaration.

After a time, Cassandre asked me to work with him mornings in Versailles. Needless to say I didn't need much persuading.

### Interview by Bertrand Raison

that he showed you exactly what not to do. I rebelled against the sheer gratuitousness of Lortac's storyboards. They had nothing to do with the product.

When I wandered through the streets of Paris, on the other hand, and saw posters by Cassandre, Paul Colin or Francis Bernard, I said to myself that they were on the right track. They didn't waste time continually taking aim, they just fired and scored bulls-eyes. I really admired that approach — and still do.

How did you come to meet Cassandre?

It was a particularly dismal day. I remember. I was unemployed. Wherever I applied for a job, people expected me to be able to do something different from what I

When he taught you, it was very much like a master class. But what he said was completely original. By watching him at work, you could see how his mind functioned, how he always strove for clarity and simplicity.

Your work is famous for its visual puns. Did you get that quality from Cassandre?

I think he was responsible for my finding my style. I was bowled over by his celebrated ad for Dubonnet, in which a little man in a bowler hat looks at a bottle of the aperitif. "Dubonnet," tastes it "Dubonnet," and pours himself another glass. "Dubonnet." That ad put an end to the all-pervasive influence of cubism in commercial art and brought back a human element.

Even so, that ad was too long-



winded for my taste. Ideally, I'd have liked to see the three images merged into one. I've always tried to make ideas interact with one another rather than the poster interact with itself.

In other words, a good poster should directly catch the eye of the public. Hence my use of visual gags, which provide the vital unity I need. Cassandre pointed me in the right direction, as did silent American slapstick films.

Chaplin, for example, always meticulously set the scene for each of his spectacular tumblers, so the audience would know where they were. When the action started it was all over very quickly. It was all the more powerful for being unexpected. The surprise factor is very important in advertising, too.

As in the poster that really launched your career, the one for the milk-enriched soap, Monnaun, which showed a cow standing on a bar of soap?

I went about it as Cassandre would have done — by association. Soap with milk in it makes you think of a cow, and vice versa. In those days, most poster designers

would have put the soap on the cow, tying all the visual elements neatly together with artificial graphic devices.

I thought, on the contrary, that it would be funnier to exploit the movement of milk out of the cow by putting the bar of soap directly under the udder. By that time I had realised it was silly just to show the product. One has to make it play a role, like an actor.

Basically, that's the approach you used in your Aspro poster, isn't it?

Yes, I turned the problem on its head. Instead of depicting someone who had found relief through aspirin — something which is invisible — I thought it was ten times better to show a man in great pain who can no longer stand the rumble of traffic going through his head. With the slogan "Vie Aspro!" "Quick, an Aspro!" No more need to be said. Everything was already there in the visual element. I like to keep things succinct.

Do you feel you have much in common with present day advertising?

I dislike its lack of humour. It's just well-photographed advertising material. Do you remember Jean Cocteau's lion mot? "The first man to compare a woman with a rose was a genius, the second an imbecile." Nowadays, I'm afraid, most admen fall into the second category.

So I've got used to working more or less on my own. The man you're talking to, Raymond Savignac, is just an old brontosaurus who does a job that no longer exists for a species that's well on the way to extinction.

The two exhibitions of Savignac's work are at the Musée-Galerie de la SEITA, 12 rue Surcouf, 75007 Paris (until August 31) and at the Musée Montebello in Trouville (August 9-September 29). (June 14)

# The Washington Post

## Right-wingers Who Rule Reagan

counterrevolution was betrayed by Franklin D. Roosevelt at Yalta.

The belief in betrayals led to a belief in loyalty tests. Who lost China? Vietnam? Iran? Nicaragua? The moment of truth came in 1956, when the Hungarians rose in armed revolt against the Soviets. "Liberation was a sham," wrote Stephen Ambrose in his biography, "Eisenhower."

Eisenhower had always known it... which made all the four years of Republican talk about "liberation" so essentially hypocritical.

Burnham leaped to Eisenhower's defense, arguing that his inaction was "part of the reality of our

By Sidney Blumenthal

time." But he soon reverted to his old formula, which remained unchanged as conservative dogma. (A few years ago Burnham suffered a stroke and is incapacitated.)

With the failure of the theory of "rollback" in Eastern Europe, the scope of the Reagan Doctrine has been limited to the Third World, rendering futile its ultimate goal of overthrowing communism by force. No one has made this point more manifest than Reagan, when he resumed shipments of wheat to Russia and ended the economic restrictions against Poland.

The words "Reagan Doctrine" have never been uttered by Reagan himself, nor by Shultz. "We don't like to call it a doctrine," said an administration official. "We open ourselves to criticism if we pretend we have a doctrine, imposing it on complicated reality."

But the doctrine has been hailed by the right, from the think tanks to the columnists, as the grand concept of the president's second term. Ronald Reagan is the master of the new idea," proclaimed Charles Krauthammer, the neoconservative columnist, who first labeled what Reagan was doing a "doctrine."

It works well inside the church of the Republican Party in dealing with heretics, said a leading conservative about the Reagan Doctrine. "Angola and Nicaragua, these are very important tests."

"We had him (Krauthammer) in for an off-the-record lunch with the president," said an administration source. "He popularized the term, a rallying point for conservatives."

"I love that guy Krauthammer for inventing 'Reagan Doctrine,'" said the adventurer, Jack Wheeler. Pressure for adherence to the Reagan Doctrine, however, has not come simply from outside the administration; it has also come from within, particularly from Under Secretary of Defense Ikle, a former Swiss seminary who applies the Burnham catechism to the contemporary struggle for the world.

"Containment has been outflanked," he said in an interview. "It worked in Korea, it worked in Europe, but it doesn't work in the Third World." In a recent speech, Ikle denounced any effort to "contain communism within Nicaragua" as "a terrible idea." The true choices, he explained in another echo of Burnham, are either "appeasement" or "freedom."

Ikle's speech was given in January at the Low-Intensity Warfare Conference, sponsored by the Department of Defense, one of the many conferences he has funded.

According to a list of recent contracts on low-intensity warfare released by the Pentagon, \$687,000 has been granted to the Rand Corp. alone, where Ikle was the former director of social sciences. The subjects studied include rebel movements in Angola, Afghanistan, Ethiopia, Nicaragua, and "Commando Raids: 1986, 1989-1990," the situations that the Reagan Doctrine focuses on.

While those promoting the doctrine dream of a communism-free universe, their closer goal is to ensure that no Republican will be nominated for president who has not pledged fealty to their ideology.

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Whether the doctrine succeeds as a foreign policy, it is already working as a domestic political device by which the conservative elite exercises its influence. Low-intensity conflict abroad has triggered high-intensity politicking at home. To that degree, what is called the Reagan Doctrine is actually a condition of American politics — a condition as old as the Cold War.

They became tests of orthodoxy and validity. The Reagan Doctrine is very useful for the movement."

In Congress, a center of Reagan Doctrine support has been the Republican Steering Committee, a weekly caucus of New Right senators, who in turn are surrounded by aides who maintain constant contact with New Right organizations and exile pressure groups, from Free Angola to the Committee for a Free Afghanistan. The successful lobbying to repeal the Clark Amendment, which forbade covert intervention in Africa, was the Steering Committee's first test case. The visit of Angolan "freedom fighter" Jonas Savimbi was another.

The doctrine supporters' lobbying was applied with particular pressure on Senate Majority Leader Robert Dole (R-Kan.). "If he's interested in the White House he realized this was a litmus test of conservative support," said a congressional source. "So he met with Savimbi." On Feb. 6, Dole signed a letter to Shultz written by Christopher Lehman, the lobbyist who handled the \$600,000 Savimbi public relations account. The letter requested "weapons" and was signed by 11 senators, and soon a cargo of Stingers was headed Savimbi's way.

"If Dole had stood in the way," said a congressional source, "it would have been political suicide."

The most recent test of the Reagan Doctrine, of course, has been military aid for the contras, another loyalty test. "With the vote on contra aid," wrote Patrick Buchanan on March 5 in The Washington Post, "the Democratic Party will reveal whether it stands with Ronald Reagan and the resistance — or Daniel Ortega and the communists."

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## Change comes slowly to Stroessner's Paraguay

Continued from page 13

70 kilometres of road — from Asuncion to Eusebio-Ayala — had been metalled. The Paraguay river cut the country into two and the whole country was isolated. The Chaco in the northwest covered more than half the surface of the country and was a desert.

Stroessner had a bridge thrown across the Paraguay and connected the two halves of the country. He had the roads leading into Argentina, Brazil and Bolivia covered with asphalt. He installed electricity in the rural areas, settled people in the Chaco and in place of many imported products substituted crops like wheat which serves as a staple food.

The *colorados* speak with the simplicity and assurance of people who are rarely contradicted. Their party covers practically the whole of the country. If you want to be a soldier or a government employee, you have to be a *colorado*. Without the party card doctors find no work in public hospitals and lawyers lose their briefs.

"If someone refuses to lend his car on a day the party is putting on a rally," says the Piribebuy priest, "he can look forward to problems later with the police and the mayor's office."

The *Colorado* Party structure is a vertical one, with multiple ramifications which have nothing to learn from the organisations in communist countries regularly held up to public indignation as enemies of Christianity. At the top of the heap are many well-heeled profiteers. Any peasant could show



you in his region a "hacienda" belonging to a general or high official. "Here," said a fellow journalist, "military men are landowners, bankers, industrialists, transporters, insurers and smugglers." Some of the generals monopolising the whiskey trade are given the brand names of the whiskeys in which they specialise. So there is a General Haig, a General Ballantine and so on.

The ruling class made fortunes out of the construction of the Itaipu dam on the Parana river. "The skyscrapers you see in Asuncion, that's Itaipu," was the succinct comment of the editor of a daily. That is, the fortunes made out of the "biggest dam in the world" have been invested in real estate, when they did not find their way into safes abroad. From 1976 to 1982, \$160 million entered the country each year.

This is a lot of money compared with the microscopic scale of the economy. Paraguay was only the forced partner of Brazil which was the prime contractor as the Parana forms the border between the two countries. But Paraguay was given half the work and credits commensurate with it.

Itaipu has revealed a trend which had preceded the dam. The sociologist Domingo Rivarola explains it in this way: "Until the '60s Paraguayans lived within a radius of 100 kilometres from the capital. With the opening up of settlements and voluntary emigration, farming borders have pushed out. Five hundred thousand people — or a sixth of the population — have settled in the Parana region."

techniques, the Germans are convinced that their neighbours' nuclear power plants are less reliable than theirs. So the start of the process of charging the plant with nuclear fuel is seen by the Saar authorities as provocation. The Saar government has petitioned Strasbourg for a writ to delay commissioning of the power plant. It is particularly fearful of the level of radioactivity of the waste water emptied into the Moselle. Lafontaine's assaults have been half-heartedly rebuffed by Kohl's government, which is pointing out that construction work on

If one agricultural sector has remained stationary, another sector, a modern one, has developed, especially in myn beans. Eighty per cent of the Paraguayans continue to live off agriculture and half live in rural areas, but they listen to radio and many have electricity. They are integrated.

Their knowledge of the world, their life styles have changed. But the political model has not followed suit.

A surprise. I had to go to Asuncion to hear a man of the left, in this case Eudides Acevedo of the Febrerista Party, describing the "constructive" merits of multinational. "When they moved here," he said, "they modified the production apparatus. They modernised

the country, integrated it into world markets. The regime gradually found itself at odds with a society which had become transformed. The rebellion they are facing today is a cultural one. I do not know how to deal with it — whether to give in or crack down."

It is simultaneously giving in and cracking down. Through an inability to make a choice or out of confusion? Or because the head of state, as a good professional hardliner, knows that both methods are necessary to stay in power? "Long live General Stroessner," say his supporters. Much patience also to his opponents.

(July 12)

## Chernobyl factor

Agency in Vienna in this area. To act differently, Paris points out, would be running the risk of seeing foreign governments impose every imaginable sort of safety precaution thereby rendering civilian nuclear energy completely unprofitable.

Cattenom began when the Social Democrat Helmut Schmidt was in office, and that at the time he raised no objections to the project. Bonn says it is officially satisfied with French assurances, but even on the government side there are people — beginning with the leaders of the Rhine Palatinate, a region also close to Cattenom — who would like to see such assurances embodied in a treaty properly drawn up and signed on the dotted line. Which Paris is not prepared to do. France, in fact, wants to remain in control of its own safety standards and does not accept the standards of the Atomic

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Le Monde

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## The Civil War Of Black Against Black

By Glenn Frankel

JOHANNESBURG — It was by recent South African standards, a fairly normal week of civil unrest — 28 black people dead over six days, slightly below this year's daily average.

What makes the deaths stand out is that all but one of the victims were killed by the state blacks, according to the state Bureau for Information.

Several of the killings were by the "necklace" method, the grisly execution ritual in which a victim's hands and feet are bound and a gasoline-filled tire placed around his neck and set afire. Two others reportedly were saved from a similar fate by police.

For both the government and its opponents, the question of what is officially called "black-on-black" violence has become a crucial propaganda issue, and the fiery necklace is most potent and troubling symbol.

The deaths fuel Pretoria's assertion that South Africa's unrest is no longer a conflict between a white-minority government and a disenfranchised black majority, but a war among blacks themselves. Each black-on-black death is cited as evidence that blacks are

not ready to govern each other, let alone whites, and furthers Pretoria's claim that it is struggling to resist not legitimate black aspirations, but a faceless, barbaric mob that would trample Western values and wreak havoc on whites if it ever came to power.

Thus, the information bureau in statements last week described the killings as "a desperate reaction of radicals against the restoration of order and to gain a hold over the peace-loving majority by intimidation." Anti-apartheid opponents, in turn, contend that the government is concealing the fact that many of the killings are committed by blacks considered allied to Pretoria, many of them self-appointed vigilantes who enjoy the fact, and at times active, support of local police.

Ultimately, those opponents hold the apartheid system responsible for creating and capitalizing on splits within the black community and for a process of brutalization that has transformed many young blacks into urban warriors who condone, and even celebrate, the necklace ritual.

"I believe necklacing is horrible and I can't agree with it," said

Seth Mazibuko, a top official of the Soweto Civic Association, which is affiliated with the United Democratic Front, the country's leading anti-apartheid coalition. "I understand why people do it. The apartheid system puts such a terrible anger into the people it hurts. But it actually stigmatizes our struggle."

There is an uncomfortable ambivalence among many blacks about the war inside their segregated townships. While disliking the necklace, many believe it has served to expose and frighten off the vast network of police informers that has been a major factor for the state in the past in undermining the organization of an effective opposition.

"We want to make the death of a collaborator so grotesque that people will never think of it," said Tim Ntshane, an official of the outlawed African National Congress in a speech in California last October. Winnie Mandela, wife of imprisoned ANC leader Nelson Mandela, reportedly told a gathering of black mourners at a funeral in April, "With our boxes of matches and our necklaces, we shall liberate this country."

One measure of the intensity of the propaganda war being waged here is that both alleged statements were repeated by the government last week in its effort to characterize black-on-black unrest as the last gasp of desperate militants.

As the daily death rate has doubled during the past year, the percentage of deaths attributable to black-on-black violence also has risen. Between September 1984 and January 1986, according to South African police, nearly 60 percent of the deaths were blacks killed by security forces. But for the first six months of this year, according to the police and independent researchers, the figure dropped to about 83 percent.

Since the emergency took effect on June 12, the information bureau contends that more than 75 percent of the 167 deaths have been blacks killed by other blacks. Because of the emergency restrictions, it is not possible to verify those figures independently.

According to the government, the necklace has gained in popularity as the death toll has mounted. In his speech announcing the new emergency to Parliament last

month, President Pieter W. Botha said that between March and June, 284 blacks were killed by radicals, 172 of them by the necklace.

Many opponents argue that police distort the numbers by underreporting black deaths, an allegation that police officials deny. Others contend that the figures reflect the shift in state strategy away from white law enforcement to rule by black vigilantes. The state's "black-on-black" figures, they note, do not offer any breakdown of who killed whom, and thus lend little support to the contention that radicals are responsible for most of the deaths. In places like the Groenrods squatter camp near Cape Town, where right-wing vigilantes known as "fathers" battled leftist "comrades" in a power struggle that left more than 50 dead in May and June, police appeared to give strong support to the former.

Similar conflicts have erupted in black "homelands" such as KwaNdebele and Bophuthatswane, where President Lucas Mangope recently exhorted his followers to "protect what you

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# The Washington Post

## Libyans Subdued

IT IS THREE MONTHS since President Reagan sent planes against Libya, and note is being taken (with crossed fingers) of the subdued policy of Col. Moammar Gadhafi. No new acts of terrorism have been attributed to him. Some suggest that his murderers have been taking a break or otherwise lying low before resuming their deadly trade. Another line of speculation, bolstered by reports of Col. Gadhafi's personal deterioration, is that the American attack may have broken his invigorating assumption that his deeds were cost-free.

All this is very interesting, but what is very important is that the interval since the April 15 raid has been put to some good effect by the Western allies. Most of them needed the shock. The example of decisiveness, the undeniable precision of the intelligence, the subsequent demonstration of Libya's isolation and, not least, the fall into disrepute of these elements have put new vigor into European responses. Even Greece, the one ally that shrank from its anti-terrorist commitments, has been finding its own ways to reduce the Libyan presence (in its outsize Athens embassy, Libya had 18 "cultural attachés") and to screen more effectively the comings and goings of Col. Gadhafi's minions.

Beyond the police and intelligence front, attention fixes on the courts. Their basic mission is to serve justice, but they are also asked to serve governments that are under heavy pressure either to reclaim hostages or otherwise to propitiate the state or organizational sponsors of terrorism. The one mission drives courts and other official agencies to be tough, and the other pushes them to be lenient. The Italians have just given substantial sentences (though not substantial enough for everyone's tastes) to the Achille Lauro killers. Spain, apparently for exchange purposes, has freed two Shites serving 23-year sentences for murder. In France the force of public opinion on behalf of the country's remaining hostages taken in Lebanon seems to be inclining the government to consider releasing a terrorist, George Abdallah, accused in the murder of an American military attaché and an Israeli diplomat.

Each situation is distinctive, but it is worth noting the disposition evident in London. Britain needs no more collisions with Arab states. Nonetheless, even while French officials receive Syria's vice president, British authorities have directly implicated the Syrian government in the failed plot (in the incredibly foolhardy plan, one that could have triggered a major war) to destroy an Israeli airliner in April. Since then, President Hafez Assad seems to have had his killers on a short leash too.

## A Boom In Trouble

AT THE beginning of the year, there was a broad consensus among forecasters that the U.S. economy would grow strongly in 1988. The Reagan administration thought so, as it always does, but other people with no political interests agreed. And yet the growth rate last winter was only modest and in the spring, by all indications, it was even lower. The optimists still expect an acceleration over the summer and fall, but the evidence for it seems increasingly fragile. Where did last January's promising forecasts go off the track?

The most serious of the disappointments has been in foreign trade. The foreign sector has become a substantial and persistent source of error in American economic forecasting, not only within the administration but among independent scholars as well. One reason is that the United States has never before run trade deficits on the present gigantic scale. Experience is the basis for economic analysis, and in this case there is very little experience to go on. Beyond that, the government's statistics on foreign trade are notoriously unreliable and apparently are getting worse as the Commerce Department tries to save money on its obsolete reporting system.

More important, there's been a central failure of policy (not on the part of the Reagan administration this time, but by the Japanese and especially the Germans) that is contributing to poor economic performance here. Last winter most American economists assumed that, as the U.S. dollar's exchange rate fell, Japan and Germany would respond rationally with forceful action to speed up their own economies and keep trade expanding worldwide. Instead they have done very little. As a result Germany has slowed down, and Japan is evidently going into a recession. It means that there is less demand for American exports than the United States expected six months ago. If this slowdown develops into a world recession next year, Japan and Germany will bear a heavy share of the responsibility for it.

In this country the government published figures this week showing that retail sales have been rising steadily while industrial production is actually lower than a year ago. How can consumption rise while production falls? The explanation is the foreign trade deficit. Imports fill the gap. Because production is falling, there's plenty of spare capacity in American industry, and businesses have been cutting back new investment. Business investment is one of the key determinants of economic growth, and falling investment is not a healthy sign. As long as the trade deficit remains sky high and business investment continues to slide, it's very hard to see what could produce faster economic growth in this country, or in the world.

## The Civil War Of Black Against Black

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those who can impose a measure of order on younger radicals. The black-on-black issue lies at the heart of the new state of emergency, which the government says it imposed to restore order and end the rampant intimidation that terrorizes the silent majority in many of South Africa's black townships. But churchmen like Bishop Desmond Tutu and UDF leaders say the police crackdown and the arrests of at least 4,000 activists, many of them with UDF affiliations, have had the opposite effect by taking off the streets

hiding or in jail. Mazibuko and other UDF leaders also are troubled by increasing conflict between their supporters and the followers of Zulu Chief Mangosuthu Buthelezi. More than 80 persons died in Durban last August in clashes between Buthelezi's Inkatha movement and UDF members, and a low-scale war has been waged since. Hostilities recurred more recently after Buthelezi, a relative conservative on the black political spectrum here, held a political

THATCHER IS ADAMANTLY OPPOSED TO SANCTIONS AGAINST SOUTH AFRICA...



BECAUSE SHE SAYS THEY'LL THROW BLACKS OUT OF WORK



THAT'S PROGRESS, ISN'T IT? THAT SHE'S AGAINST SANCTIONS?



THAT SHE'S WORRIED ABOUT THROWING PEOPLE OUT OF WORK



## British Crisis Of Identity

LONDON — "Who are we?" That the Queen has probably never exercised her royal prerogative to raise so elementary a question with her prime minister, Margaret Thatcher, in one of their regular weekly chats is of no moment.

The question is ever-present here. It colors every conversation with Britons of all sorts. It leaps out of opinion polls. It is encapsulated in the bitter British debate over South Africa, with Mrs. Thatcher presenting herself as the senior statesman of the Western world, making global waves while her opposition worries over Britain being odd man out.

The same question compounds, more broadly, the deep divisions within the ruling Conservative Party and within the opposition — as well as the warfare between them. More so than at any time since World War II, the British are in the grip of an identity crisis.

The roots run to the collapse of empire and to Britain's protracted game-playing in the formative years of the European Community, before finally joining up (the early ambivalence lingers); they run to the value placed by some, including Mrs. Thatcher on a cherished "special relationship" with the United States and an independent British nuclear capability, and the resentment felt by others about British dependency on Washington's will and whim.

To these tugs and hauls, add the Commonwealth connection and you have the makings of something of the nature of a national nervous breakdown, with various consequences for American foreign policy. The symptoms are everywhere.

Item: The immediate worry over

what Mrs. Thatcher's opposition to wide-scale "punitive" sanctions against South Africa is doing to the Commonwealth Games in Edinburgh. A few proud Britons may resent the impertinence, but most would deplore lasting damage to the Commonwealth itself — and none more so, one surmises, than the Queen who presides over it.

Item: The recent flaps over Westland and Leyland, the former a failing British helicopter manufacturer and the latter a troubled builder of automobiles. Without laboring the details, the issue in both cases turned on the pros and

By Philip Geyelin

cons of bailouts or takeovers by American firms. As one U.S. diplomat put it, "Westland and Leyland stirred up the whole question of dependency on America."

Item: The use of bases in Britain for the U.S. air strike on Libya, coming hard on the heels of Westland and Leyland. "The stage was already set for a critical re-examination of the relationship with us," said another U.S. official. And the public judgment of Mrs. Thatcher's acquiescence to the Libyan air strike was overwhelmingly critical. The taint that she is Ronald Reagan's "pet poozie" has become a fixture in the opposition's cries in Parliament.

Item: The swarms of anti-nuclear protesters in the halls of Westminster. The nuclear disarmament movement is louder than it is large, but it is the cutting edge of a public disinclination to depend on the United States for British security.

The resulting contradictions make no sense: The opposition

Labor Party sounds as if it is wedded to unilateral nuclear disarmament and to denying basic rights to the United States — as if this somehow could be compatible with membership in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, with its strategy of deterrence calculated on the availability of British nuclear forces and U.S. base rights in Britain.

Item: A paradox of the "anti-Americanism" in opinion polls. A large majority "like" Americans, according to a recent study by Market and Opinion Research International. What they definitely do not like, by even larger majorities, the study found, is excessive American influence over British industry, or the economy, or defense policy, or morality and television.

Even worse, considerable majorities questioned Mr. Reagan's judgment and doubted he could be "trusted to look after British interests." One in five even rated America as a bigger threat to peace than the Soviet Union, and one-third saw nothing to choose between the two.

Ordinarily the electorate would clear the air: a general election will be held no later than 1990.

A clear Labor majority could have a transforming effect on Britain's international relationships, special or otherwise — that is not to say it would crystallize a new British sense of identity. If Britain cannot figure out what it is — or wants to be — after five years of rule by a steady prime minister with a mammoth parliamentary majority, you have to wonder how long it will be or what will have to happen before it can.

Whether the Zulu leader will agree remains unclear. But few of the government's opponents would argue with his words at the rally three weeks ago.

"If we do not do something about the high toll of deaths of blacks at the hands of blacks," Buthelezi warned, "we are on the verge of a civil war situation which will never be stopped, even if liberation is achieved tomorrow... I tell you bluntly today that we will never win the struggle for liberation if we divide ourselves from the other through violence."

## HMS Coventry — The Day Of Battle

By David Hart-Dyke

HMS Coventry

FOUR years ago, my ship, HMS Coventry, went to war in the Falklands Islands. The ship never returned; it now lies 300 feet down in the South Atlantic. The men who survived learned some fundamental things about themselves and about war.

The Falklands conflict showed that, as always in war, the critical factor is morale. High morale is the quality which makes men endure and show courage in times of fatigue and danger. It is this quality, not so much the advantage in numbers of men and weapons, that counts. And the cultivation of morale depends on good leadership, discipline, comradeship and devotion to a just cause.

The British task force had all those ingredients off the Falklands in 1982, and the enemy did not. We had confidence and the enemy did not. Our men never doubted that they would win and they could not wait to start the battle and then to get home after the victory. That is what made the Falklands such a total triumph.

Oddly, the most testing and frightening time for me was the period before the conflict started, as we sped south and prepared for war. It was a time of sobering self-examination and adjustment. Somehow you do have to remove yourself from the safe and familiar world of peace and come to terms with the largely unknown existence of real danger and violence. I found this far from easy.

The days of not knowing whether we had to fight or not — of listening to the BBC giving the latest reports on the chances of successful negotiations — were unnerving, mentally exhausting and for most people extremely hard to take. I suppose it was because we feared to go to war and to leave our safe and friendly world, maybe for ever.

These days were hard for me because I had to remain outwardly unafraid and cheerful in order to provide that much-needed strength of leadership for my ship's company. My men began to watch me more closely and listen to every word I uttered, such that any chink revealed in my armor would have considerably increased their anxiety and even, perhaps, reduced their will to fight. Their lives were in my hands

Ellen Goodman

BOSTON — There was no official birth announcement. No television crew recorded the event. No one pinpointed the place of birth or whether the baby was a boy or girl.

But if the calculations of the Population Institute are right, sometime on Monday last week a baby was born who brought the total number of human beings on Earth to a new record: 5 billion.

Such a record doesn't hold very long, not even for a minute. By last weekend the 5-billionth baby will have been joined by another million. By the end of the year there will be 85 million more people sharing a planet that will not have grown by a single inch. We cannot add acres to the Earth's surface, the way we add rooms to a house, to accommodate new members of the human family.

It took until 1830 for the Earth's population to reach 1 billion. It took 11 years to reproduce the latest billion. There may be 3 billion more of us by 2021. And we still don't know precisely how many people this planet can sustain.

The experts huddling around the cradle of the 5-billionth baby talk about "the carrying capacity" of Earth as if it were a plane instead of a planet hurtling through space.

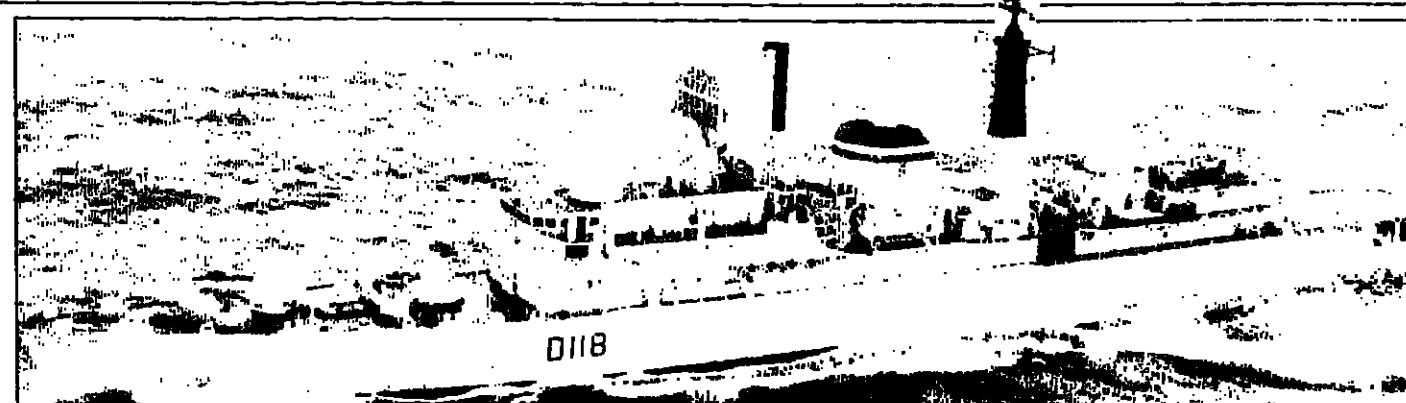
How many people, they ask, do we have room for? How many meals are there abroad, how many seats, how much fuel?

"They debate the limits of Earth's 'resources.' They ask how humans can use them to sustain our species. We have learned, after all, how to turn a desert, acre by acre, into fields and an ocean, ounce by ounce, into drinking water. We can harvest the coal inside mountains and the oil inside the Earth for our own purposes. What are the limits? How far can we push them?"

But from my vantage point at this birthday party, I wonder about this whole point of view. I suspect that this press of population has influenced our attitudes toward the place that humans should occupy in the world.

When we talk about the "carrying capacity" of the planet, it is as if Earth were here strictly to support us. We talk about "resources" as if mountains and oceans and animals were ours to use. There are so many of us now that we think about the world increasingly as the private property of our own species.

Even in our "country," where there is no longer a population explosion, it is remarkably hard to find some place that doesn't have a



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and I could feel it.

As the chances of a political settlement slipped away and war seemed a real possibility, we became somewhat concerned. A mood of anxiety pervaded the ship.

There was also the traumatic experience for many of preparing the ship for war: securing for action, for real. The issue of morphine, lifejackets, and identity discs to wear around the neck, together with the removal of pictures, trophies, and soft furnishings made a dramatic impact. Letters from home, thoughts of family and friends, heartfelt messages and telegrams wishing us good luck and a safe return all added to the tension and highlighted the risks ahead.

After three weeks of worry and uncertainty, it finally came as a great relief when it became clear that there was no option left but to fight. Our anger mounted against this harsh and unpredictable enemy, morale rose, and we became united in a man in our purpose. The faint-hearted became strong, the ship's company as a whole stiffened to the tasks, and we went headlong into battle, confident and outwardly at least, cheerful.

For myself, I was particularly thankful that I had had a long experience at sea in destroyers and frigates. I was confident and did not find it difficult to go to war. I was surprised how very quickly I discarded all peacetime inhibitions and thinking. Many rules and regulations became irrelevant. My life suddenly became very straightforward and my aims crystal clear: they were aimed solely at getting at the enemy and surviving; and that concentrates your mind on essentials.

One essential to grasp very early on is that you are on your own. It is no use worrying the flagship with your problems or expecting a spare part to appear out of the sky to overcome this or that defect. You have to fix things yourself. We somehow fixed our long-range radar in the middle of an air raid by using the elements of a toaster from the junior ratings' dining room. We used the steel legs of swivel chairs bolted to the floor of the helicopter to provide revolving machine-gun mountings.

As we approached the war zone, the

dangers and the challenges seemed to produce a step-up in ability overnight in most people. Young sub-lieutenants found themselves conning the ship while refuelling alongside a darkened tanker in the blackest of nights and in the dirtiest of weather, and they did magnificently. The first lieutenant often took command of the ship for a few hours in the night so that I could get some sleep.

This was a new experience for us all and until the first disaster occurred we could not begin to imagine what the horror of war was really like. Besides, there is always the hope that "it will never happen to you." Hopes such as this, however fragile in reality, are very strong in war; they actually keep you going, however dangerous the fighting might be, and they prevent you from anticipating or imagining what disasters could befall you, or indeed what the real risks are. This is a perilous state of mind which I suspect prevails among all but the really war-hardened.

The first few days of war were nervously exciting and cheers erupted throughout the ship when enemy aircraft were shot down. But we had not yet seen real war, we were naive and far from being battle-hardy.

The real conflict started when we began to suffer losses ourselves. Attitudes then changed and our excitement and reactions became more measured and mature. We were quite close to HMS Sheffield when she was hit and the effect on my ship's company was devastating. Hardly a word was spoken for nearly 24 hours and people had to struggle to overcome their fears and emotions.

At the end of that day my petty officer steward came into my cabin and with noticeable emotion remarked, "It has been a bad day today, sir," and I replied, "Yes, it has been a bad day." That is all we could say and that was difficult enough. It was hard to talk without giving away one's fears, and our minds were too occupied. We were stunned.

This incident shocked us into reality and made us all realize how difficult it was going to be to bring our ships close to the enemy air force and land the army with all

its equipment safely on the beaches of the Falklands Islands. This was, after all, the only way to win the war. We were now rapidly becoming battle-hardened. Twenty-four hours after that first tragedy, we were no longer gloomy, morale turned to a high point, and we became even more determined to hit back at the enemy just as soon as we could.

Thoughts of getting home to a hero's welcome were highly motivating, and I became acutely aware that nearly 300 people were depending on me to get them home safely. I told them that my holiday was booked for the 4th of August and so we would have to be lucky by then; out of this statement rose an almost mystical belief that no matter what happened, we would get back by this time — because the Captain had said so.

After Sheffield was sunk and HMS Glasgow put out of action, we shouldered more of the hazardous tasks. We were frequently deployed to the front line against the enemy air force and to protect the vital amphibious shipping in San Carlos Water. Our task was to control the Sea Harriers (our jet fighters) as we got them poised in the right place to meet the incoming air raids and to use our Sea Dart missiles. It was clear that we had to draw the enemy fire away from our troops and to be sacrificed if necessary.

We only saw our friendly forces to the east of the Falklands when we refueled or re-ammunitioned in the middle of the night. We always felt safe among the familiar dark silhouettes of the task force on these occasions and when we came to leave to return to our solitary post, we had to steel ourselves to do so and hide the fear at what the next day's battle might bring.

When we had survived the daytime and darkness came to give us some measure of protection, I used to sit down in my cabin with a glass of port, a King Edward cigar and a Mozart symphony. That was sheer heaven!

During these last few hectic days we all knew the odds were against us emerging unscathed. We always knew that we might

Continued on page 18

## Five Billion People, One Earth

human stamp on it. Nature is no longer our everyday habitat. We visit it, vacation in it. Even as tourists to nature, we queue up for a raft trip down the Colorado, we drive into our national parks.

If we did not pave Paradise, we put up a parking lot next door and pay admission. When we save nature, it's in carefully designated preserves and tree museums.

Once passed a stretch of land in North Dakota untouched by the plow. It was so unique that it was protected and pointed out as virgin prairie. In California last month, I visited a park of giant redwoods, saved decades ago from lumberyards. On a trail well-tended and well-trod in Muir Woods, I had to imagine what it was like to be alone in a thousand-year-old grove without a rented car and a refreshment stand.

It is rare to feel like one of many species on Earth. Rare when we experience a sense of belonging to the landscape. Rare when we come to nature not to own it or develop it but to be in it. We are so many, so dominant that the other species are present in our everyday lives as pests and pets... or food.

We have also used the Third World as our resource, our raw material. Now, with the relentless

pressure of its own people, this world turns to its own development. It's the "developing world" that hacks Brazilian forest into farmland and subdivides African plains into suburbs. There is less sentiment for sharing space, more need to use space. As the numbers grow, people think less about

living in concord with the Earth and more about working it.

A species that has controlled its death rate can still control its birthrate. The experts ask whether Earth can support 5 billion people. A much harder question for this birthday is whether 5 billion people can support the Earth?



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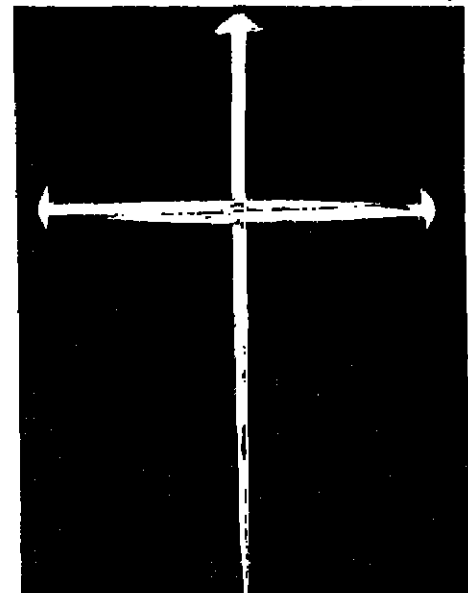
## HMS Coventry — The Day Of Battle

Continued from page 17

be hit from the air; it was just a question of where and how many casualties we would sustain. After all, several other ships already had been damaged. I frequently thought along these lines and I am sure most of my sailors did, but we never admitted it openly. That would have been demoralising. Conversations were brave and cheerful, and invariably confident that we would all get home safely. We were all strengthened by such reassuring talk, however much we inwardly believed that some of us may never get back.

I was shocked when a day or two before the end my first lieutenant came into my cabin and with hesitation said, "Your know, sir, some of us are not going to get back to Portsmouth." Although it disturbed me to hear him say that, it was very brave to admit to his captain what he really felt, and we now no longer had to pretend to each other about the risks we were taking. He included himself among those that would not return and in his last letter home he told his wife so. She received the letter just after she heard the news of his death.

These were difficult days indeed, and I found it demoralising to wake each morning to beautiful, clear, and sunny weather which favored the enemy air force and illuminated us sharply against the calm blue sea. I waited on the bridge heavily



Cross of nails from Coventry Cathedral

clothed for protection against fire, life jacket and survival suit round my waist, ready for the next air raid warning signal. I then went down to the operations room to prepare to counter the threat. These moments demand considerable nerve and a brave face as men watch you go below wondering whether they would see you again.

Tuesday, May 25, was one of those days. We had survived two air raids and shot down three aircraft with missiles. I responded to the next inevitable air raid warning and went below with more feeling of fear than before. I paused momentarily at the top of the hatch and talked to the officer responsible for the missile system. I never saw him again. At 8 p.m. precisely, I pressed the action-station alarm from the command position in the operations room.

We listened to the air battle and tried desperately hard to avoid losing the fast and low-flying enemy aircraft on radar and to predict where they were going next, so as to guide the Sea Harriers to the right place. It was like a fast-moving computer game, full of tension, all eyes strained and almost impossible to win. We knew we would lose if we could not keep up with the quickening pace. The pole and anxious faces told the whole story. I looked at the clock — it was nearly 8.15 p.m. — and prayed that it would go faster to see out this last air raid of the day and bring on the night. The light was already beginning to fade as another brilliant sunset developed.

At 8.15 p.m., we came up against a very brave and determined attack by four aircraft. We engaged with everything we had, from Sea Dart missiles to machine guns, and even rifles, but one of the aircraft got through, delivering three 1,000-pound bombs, which exploded deep down inside the ship. The severe damage caused immediate flooding and fire, and all power and communications were lost.

Within about 20 minutes the ship was

upside down, her keel horizontal a few feet above sea level. Later she sank. It is still remarkable to me that, but for the 19 men tragically killed by the blast of the bombs, some 280 of us got out of the ship — much of which was devastated inside and filled with thick suffocating smoke. I can only put that down to training, good discipline and high morale.

It was about 8.20 p.m. when my world stopped. I was aware of a flash, heat and the crackling of the radar set in front of my face as it disintegrated.

As I came to my senses nothing could be seen, except for people on fire, through the dense black smoke. I could sense the total devastation of the compartment. Those who were able took charge calmly and effectively. It seemed like an age, but when you are fighting for your life, the brain speeds up and time slows down, your actions and thoughts are very narrowly focused, enabling a precise concentration on the right priorities for survival. At times like this, pain, injury, and freezing sea are not even distractions; they do not enter into your calculations, or decision-making. There are more important matters to think about.

When I eventually got to the upper deck, as the ship was beginning to roll over, I saw the ship's company abandoning ship. It was quite remarkably orderly and calm, looking just like a peacetime exercise. I am still trying to discover who gave the order to abandon ship! Perhaps no one did. People just very sensibly got on and did it. It was the only thing to do.

When I had watched everyone jump into the sea and got into their life rafts I walked down the ship's side, and jumped the last two feet into the water and swam to the life raft. My war was over.

When we were fighting for our lives and being rescued from the water, there were many brave deeds done by many of my sailors.

A young officer directing the close-range guns from the very exposed position of the bridge wings did not take cover when the enemy aircraft were closing at eye level and strafing the ship with cannon fire. He stood

there for all to see and ordered the gun crews to stay at their posts and engage the enemy until he gave the order to stop. This order was not questioned by the very young sailors manning the guns, and they kept firing despite their totally exposed position. They remained at their posts, even though the ship was burning and listing steeply, in case of another air attack. Eventually they were ordered to join the rest of the ship's company in abandoning ship.

Between decks, two chief petty officers, separately and on their own initiative, revisited smoke-filled compartments when everyone else was on the upper deck and the ship listing dangerously to port; they ensured everyone still alive was got out of the ship. One found a senior rating unconscious, his clothes on fire and slumped over a hatch above the engine room. He got him to the upper deck and saved his life.

The other chief petty officer managed to get two very frightened young sailors, trapped in a compartment, to climb past a large hole in the deck through which intense heat and flame was flaring. He saw them safely to the upper deck and saved their lives. This chief petty officer then continued his search, totally alone, and by wriggling along on his stomach to keep below the layers of suffocating smoke, looking into several spaces for survivors before saving himself and swimming to a life raft.

It is, of course, terrible to lose a ship and some of your people, but it is made easier to bear when you have seen your officers and men, regardless of the dangers, being cheerful, fearless and totally dedicated to the ship and the cause for which they were fighting. It was an unforgettable privilege to have led such professional and brave men in action.

Since that fateful day I can say that I have learned a great deal about the effects of shock. The most immediate effect is that you are unable to appreciate what has really happened and you are therefore largely unaware of the horrific experience you have been through. This is nature's way of shielding you from the awful reality and protecting you until you are ready to know

the full scope of the tragedy.

It is a process which takes considerable time and cannot easily be speeded up. It is like entering a narrow tunnel whose limited and close horizons can be seen and coped with, and which gradually widens as progress is made through it until emerging at the other end with full consciousness and a normal appreciation of events in the real world. The tunnel was very narrow when I started the journey of rehabilitation on the night of May 25 and I finally came out at the end some 14 months later.

It is only now, looking back, that I can fully realize what a dramatic and frightening experience I had been through. At the time you are so completely wound up and braced for war that everything is taken in your stride; fear and even disaster can be faced with not too much difficulty. Times of great stress that call for the hardest test of leadership are also comparatively easily coped with in the heat of war. But when it is suddenly all over, then it is impossible to adjust to an environment where there is no war and no requirement for decisions or leadership.

The city of Coventry presented my ship, when she was first commissioned, with a cross made from three large medieval nails from the timbers of the roof of the Coventry Cathedral, which was destroyed by German bombers in 1941. When it came to prepare the ship for action, all such trophies were taken down and secured in a safe place. However, at the particular request of a young and rather frightened petty officer, I let this cross remain defiantly where it was. It had, I think, become a symbol of hope and survival for him, as for others.

Tragically, like the medieval cathedral, our cross did not survive that day. Seven months later the cross was recovered — by chance — from the wreck of the ship 300 feet down. I later returned it, quite unharmed, to Coventry Cathedral for safe-keeping. I will present it at the end of next year to the new HMS Coventry.

(David Hart-Dyke, a captain in the Royal Navy, is chief staff officer of the British naval staff in Washington.)

## A Momentum Of Its Own

OPERATION CORPORATE The Falklands War, 1982, by Martin Middlebrook (Viking, 430pp, \$18.95)

By Jon Snow

OPERATION CORPORATE charts the military ins and outs of the Falklands skirmish from the British perspective. It is a handsomely researched and well written book which, besides offering a detailed guide to plans and battles, provides a damning testament to the futility of war — not that the author indicates at all positively that this is his intention.

Martin Middlebrook is a military historian who has been afforded considerable access to many of the participants in "Operation Corporate," the code-name given to the British plan to retake the Falklands after the Argentinians had invaded the islands in April 1982. Middlebrook excuses his lack of an Argentine perspective, stating that his attempts to get a visa to travel to Argentina failed.

A clutch of other books on the Falklands appeared soon after the conflict and it is tempting to ask whether there are grounds for another. *Operation Corporate* can claim to be the most comprehensive attempt to describe the military processes by which the islands were retaken. Middlebrook quotes eye-witness accounts of many of the most crucial incidents. In doing so he provides the most vivid insight yet into the bunglings and failures that contributed to what history already regards as a successful military operation.

Middlebrook devotes only a chapter to the issues and causes of the war and those in search of lessons that might avoid the shedding of blood to resolve diplomatic crises will be disappointed. He quotes Jorge Luis Borges, who cannot understand two major nations fighting over the Falklands "like two bald men fighting over a comb." By the end of the book, furnished with the names and dispositions of the ships, planes, and people who fought, the Brazilian can be forgiven for asking the question again. For

though this book abounds in detail and atmosphere, there is little attempt to evaluate whether it was all worth it. Billions of dollars, more than a thousand lives, and many permanent disfigurements end up in a virtual wasteland populated by 1,800 islanders and a garrison of 4,000 troops who to this day have an abidingly low opinion of the population their colleagues came to rescue.

Much of the effect of the Falklands was centered most keenly upon the countries from which the warring parties came. Argentina was to see an end to military dictatorship. Britain was to see a prime minister, unpopular before the conflict, restored to good favor and postwar electoral victory. The author at times displays some of the fervor that fueled the remarkable sailing of the "armada" on its 8,000-mile dash in the aftermath of the Argentine invasion of the islands.

"So the young men of Britain went off by sea to war, following in the footsteps of so many earlier expeditionary forces — three times to France in two world wars and to such distant places as Gallipoli, Korea and Suez."

I was watching the events from southern Chile at the time. To anyone who like me was not in Britain, this book describes vividly how the momentum of military endeavor, once launched, rarely waits for diplomatic alternatives. Once launched there was never to be a turning back for "Operation Corporate." Though history reminds us that there were sincere peace efforts underway involving Peruvian mediation, "Operation Corporate" took little note of them.

Even getting to war costs casualties; a helicopter moving stores from one ship to another crashes in the Atlantic, a crewman drowns. The first attempt at repossession of South Georgia fails among overloaded choppers that subsequently crash on the ice. Eventual victory provides the first and vital morale boost to moving on to attempt the Falklands themselves. All this the author retells with excitement and in detail.

Middlebrook defends the controversial

decision to sink the aging *Belgrano* battleship as she was steaming away from hostilities and it is only here that he devotes a four-line reference to the peace negotiations that the *Belgrano* action scuttled. With more due to follow in the sinking of the first British ship, the *Sheffield*, grudging tribute is paid to the skill of the Argentine pilots, but little to the mounting death toll, by now already into the hundreds.

"Operation Corporate" is described as a uniquely British affair. Little reference is made to the massive American provision of fuel, missiles, logistical and intelligence support without which the endeavor would almost certainly have fallen apart.

The deeds of great heroism and fine tactics that etch war into our history books as a permissible means by which civilization resolves its differences are excellently described throughout the book. One trooper, John Sephton is described "last seen firing straight up into the air at the plane whose bomb killed him." Another unnamed man is blinded, another loses a foot to gunshot, a knee later to gangrene. It is all in a war's work. These are the scenes that were largely hidden from the outside world during the fighting, for censorship was heavy, the delay in the filing of reports was often long. Had the contents of Middlebrook's book been freely available to the waiting people back home at the time in which the events occurred one wonders whether the appetite for further fighting would have remained undiminished.

The British public's lust for peace, once "Operation Corporate" was under way, was not strong. The whole story is left as one which in the late 20th century suggests that military force can resolve differences. What the Gulf of Sidra and military action against Libya will teach an American public, we shall have to wait to learn.

Jon Snow is the Washington correspondent and bureau chief for British Independent Television News. He reported for ITN on the Falklands War.

## Is the Commonwealth a wasting asset?

John Cunningham looks at the benefit of membership of this exclusive club

GLIMPSED on television, the home movies of the World's First Family smugly imply, whatever the tensions, tolerance and good sense will see the Commonwealth through. So 40 or so heads of state, about to sink differences at a banquet, surround the Queen in New Delhi or Nassau. In a presidential palace, a wise old uncle wags his finger at a distant, difficult nephew: Kenneth Kaunda and Geoffrey Howe playing familiar roles.

The two-yearly heads of government meetings and the occasional crisis summit, such as next month's on South African sanctions, are presented as having symbolic and practical use. In reality, they are episodes in a diplomatic Dallas, which outgazes the television soap. The action is as hyped-up and artificial as a TV serial. Dramatic gestures become the soft substitute for moral acts, as the boycott of the Edinburgh Games shows.

The Commonwealth is a huge production which Britain has mounted for the world stage. It has an in-built instinct for minimising

clashes of the 49 states: that Britain harps on the altruism of its aid programme, and on the neutrality of the English language, the teaching of which it offers as a world gift. Leaders of member states can kid themselves that they can hear Mrs Thatcher as an equal; or that their finance ministers can gang up on the World Bank or the IMF to some effect.

Maybe the conference table offers equality of a sort for prime ministers. Maybe there is some envy by the French, who want to replicate a similar association with their former possessions in Africa — "But it's not the same; all roads lead to Paris with them," says Len Hobbs, director of the British Council's Africa desk. But the reality about the way the Commonwealth functions is that it is an Anglo-centric, neo-colonial institution; an astute patron of ruling and professional elites.

The surprise is that so many regimes, defined by their commitment to independence, are content to loll back on the colonial couch of the old boy network. Flight-Lieutenant J. J. Rawlings of Ghana

*'... it displays, as an institution, all the irrationalities of feuding kin. It is also basically self-enfeebling. With each conflict, the level of threats made by discontented members will have to go up'*

internal conflict. Significantly, no member has ever quit as a gesture of support for a collective policy. Ireland, Pakistan and South Africa all left for reasons specific to their own circumstances.

The cast has grown, in spite of these defections. Since 1980, Antigua, Belize, Brunei, the Maldives, St Christopher and Nevis, Vanuatu and Zimbabwe have all come in. No wonder they joined, the leaders of island specks in the Caribbean or the Indian Ocean. What an opportunity to be noticed and garrulous on a world platform? What a chance for leaders to sublimate their hatred of colonialism in the imperial magnificence of Marlborough House, or in the majestic opulence of Buckingham Palace?

And not only the heads of tiny states. "Many African leaders love to travel and cut a figure on the world stage," says an economic consultant to the Third World. "They wouldn't regard an occasional visit to the UN in New York as an acceptable substitute to the travel they get in the Commonwealth. The Commonwealth boosts their vanity. After all, if you're President of Sierra Leone, what else is there?"

All the premiers — Britain's included — are participating in a mutually-sustaining illusion. It's true the Commonwealth stresses the voluntary nature of the asso-

ciation, but there is hardly a military officer of any rank in Africa who wasn't trained in Britain, says Chief Emeka Anyaoka, Deputy Secretary General (Political) of the Commonwealth Secretariat in London.

In the field of aid and technical assistance, there is no shortage of bidders to help African states. "But they continue to choose Britain," says John Wimpenny, a development economist. "I suppose they think 'Better the devil you know.' Many of their leaders have similar cultural backgrounds to the British; African politicians and officials feel they're on our wavelength. They could get help from the US, but there is a threshold of familiarity to overcome."

It can hardly be the volume of aid which Britain does out to the developing Commonwealth which will weigh with any country thinking of withdrawal as a protest against Thatcher's stand on sanctions. Nor is it the lure of increased trade, the preferences policy is not what it was. Rather, it is the skilful network which the UK has set up and lubricates at no amazing cost to the British taxpayer: we are cunning even in our parsimony.

Every year, we spend some £60 million on the Technical Cooperation and Training Pro-

## Savoy buys Lygon

By Geoffrey Gibbs

THE Savoy Hotel group came under renewed fire from its largest shareholder, Trusthouse Forte, last week, after buying its first country hotel.

Savoy, whose interests include Claridges and the Berkeley, has paid £4.75 million in cash for the Lygon Arms at Broadway, Worcestershire. The present proprietor of the hotel, Mr Douglas Barrington, will stay on as a director.

Trusthouse, still itching to gain control of the Savoy but prevented from doing so by the company's unfavourable share structure, say

Savoy directors have paid too much for the property.

"We think that this is an excessively high price bearing in mind the profits earned by the hotel and the size of the operation," commented TYF director Mr Donald Main.

"It works out at roughly £80,000 a room, which for a country hotel is, we believe, a highly inflated value." It was more than the group had realised when it sold the east wing of the Savoy Hotel on the Strand.

gramme, run for the Government by the British Council. This is immensely clever patronage for it allows Commonwealth governments to nominate between them some 7,000 professionals in the state sector — doctors, lawyers, teachers and scientists among them — to come here on postgraduate training programmes.

Around £9 million a year is spent on the prestigious Commonwealth Scholarships: 800 awards are made annually and, of course, recipients are members of the professional elites in their own countries. Britain has always had its eye on the main chance: the scholarships were started after UDI was declared in Rhodesia for student members of the Patriotic Front who, it was thought correctly, would one day be the new masters.

But perhaps the cheekiest shoe-string which ties in the continuing British connection is the marvelous system of professional associations we have foisted on a willing Commonwealth. Lawyers, Architects, Geographers, Foresters, Engineers, Parliamentarians — and, let it be said, Journalists — make up a score of junket-seeking clubs.

It costs Britain only a few hundred thousand pounds a year to flatter these groups. Some, indeed, are self-flattering: one of the stated aims of the Commonwealth Magistrates Association is to promote "the dignity of the office of magistrate."

If all this sounds petty it is because Britain, once patronising towards the white colonies, paternal towards Africa, and tormented by the Indian subcontinent, is now kidding itself that, in the Commonwealth, it can have power without guilt and influence at almost no cost. Alongside this pettiness is an equally inappropriate altruism: the last heads of government meeting in Nassau issued an accord on South Africa whose promises sought to mock several member states.

In all this, it is no surprise that the Commonwealth's favourite self-comforting metaphor for itself is of a family: it displays, as an institution, all the irrationalities of feuding kin. It is also basically self-enfeebling. With each conflict, the level of threats made by discontented members will have to go up. This time, Nigeria, with scores to settle, will huff and puff,

but probably stay in; Rajiv Gandhi will hold his bid for a while, but sheer sentiment will keep India a member.

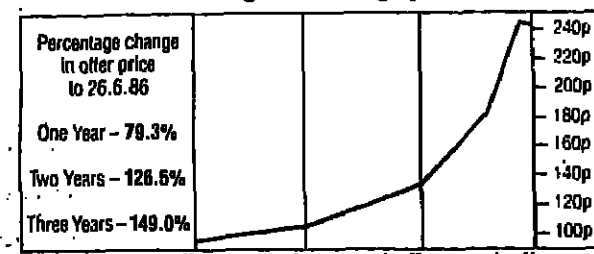
Britain, for its part, will continue bringing the highfliers over here; at the same time realising that never again can there be such closeness as with the first generation of the post independence leaders.

"I see the Commonwealth as something of a wasting asset," says Sir Peter Preston, former Permanent Secretary at the Overseas Development Administration. "The leaders nearly all had a link with Britain in the past. But I've always had doubts whether the generation coming after them will have the same commitment."

Britain has tried not to be at the centre of things: Canada has become an important route for immigrants from the Caribbean who once would come to the UK; and Australia and New Zealand are making regional links with other former colonies in Asia. But rather than it being a real partnership, Sir Peter says his image of the Commonwealth is still of a wheel, with Britain at the centre. If that is correct, our delusion is great.

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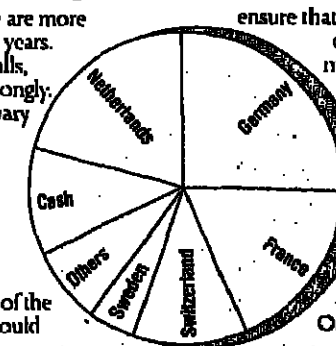


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## A gipsy curse

NEWS that efforts are being made to decontaminate the Hebridean island of Gruinard, which was heavily impregnated with anthrax germs during the last war, brought back to mind one of the most dramatic stories of village life that I have ever come across.

In the 1930s I was given a copy of the chronicle written by an eyewitness of most of the events, Hiram Witt, the village blacksmith of the south Wiltshire village of Odstock. Apparently it begins about the year 1798, and Hiram Witt set it down in writing in 1870. Certain sequels were added in 1930 by his son-in-law.

The setting was a chalk-pit which served as a regular camp for gipsies, who, then as now, travelled about the country doing seasonal work. Some were law-abiding and bore a good reputation with the villagers; some were otherwise. Among the former was Joshua, a doer, and his two daughters. The latter seemed to have been well represented by a

happened there was hell to pay. Says Hiram Witt, "They pulled up every young yew tree in the churchyard. They cut the bell-ropes. They went up to the Beer House and sat on the walls and banks and ate and drank till everything was gone."

Then they poured down again to the churchyard. "The old Gipsy Queen stood on the gate by the church and swore what they would do. She removed her bonnet; she put one hand over her eyes; she pronounced five curses. Before each curse she took her hand from her eyes and clenched both her fists."

Back in the 1950s I wrote a radio play about it, and I wish it could have been on television. The actress who played the Gipsy Queen got the utmost dramatic effects from those curses.

The first curse was on the churchyard, a Mr Hodding, who was a prominent farmer. "No son of yours shall ever farm your land."

By Ralph Whitlock

ne'er-do-well, Noah Lee, who married Joshua's daughter, Nellie. The chronicle gives a graphic account of the gipsy wedding.

Joshua had a velvet coat with large brass buttons which he had bought in Salisbury market. One night the coat was found in a stable in a village eleven miles from Odstock, from which a valuable cart-horse was stolen. The unsuspecting Joshua, asked by the police to identify the coat, readily did so and was arrested. A witness testified to seeing the horse being led away from the stable at 10.30pm at the tail of a pony-drawn trap, while other witnesses, gipsies, swore that Joshua was in the Odstock camp at that time. But Joshua, realising that his son-in-law was the culprit, refused to give evidence. He was found guilty of theft and was duly hanged at Fisherton Gaol.

There was widespread belief in his innocence, and the fighting that developed in Salisbury on execution day almost amounted to a riot. Says Hiram Witt, "All the beer-houses were closed for several hours."

Within the year, Noah Lee was convicted of another horse-stealing offence and was likewise hanged. Nellie then felt free to repeat what her father had told her in the condemned cell, confirming what everybody had suspected. Joshua was regarded as a martyr. Over his grave in Odstock churchyard a stone was erected, with a yew tree and briars planted at head and foot, and every year, on the anniversary of the funeral, crowds of gipsies assembled for a celebration.

In time, the festivities seemed to the local people to be getting out of hand, with too many gipsies arriving and too much beer being consumed. So at a vestry meeting it was decided to pull up the yew tree and the briars and to shut the church door against the gipsies.

When the festival day arrived and the gipsies found what had

The next was on the rector. "You will not be preaching this time next year."

For the sexton, "You shall be found dead before twelve months more."

For two renegade gipsies, who had been sworn in as special constables, "You will die together, very quickly."

For anyone who thereafter locked the church door, death would come within a year.

Naturally the events made a tremendous impression locally, especially when the curses began to be fulfilled.

Mr Hodding's herd was stricken with anthrax, a disaster which ruined him. Also all his sons were born dead. Eventually he sold up and emigrated to Australia. The rector had a stroke which affected his speech, making it impossible for him to preach. The sexton was found dead by the roadside, on his way to work.

The renegade gipsies were big men, more than six feet tall. Within a year they disappeared from their normal haunts and were never seen again. In 1929 the skeletons of two unusually tall young men were found in a shallow grave on the downs near Odstock. The villagers remembered the story of the Curses.

In the year 1900 a carpenter was hired to make a lock for the church door but died before the job was finished. In the 1930s a new rector did lock the door but died within a year. His successor threw the key into the river, where presumably it still lies.

When last I visited Odstock churchyard a briar rose in bloom was twining itself around Joshua's tombstone.

For a few Sundays after my radio play was broadcast the rector of Odstock preached to a considerably augmented congregation. Among them was an old lady who had walked two miles to put a posy of flowers in the grave. "I think he deserved it," she said. "Don't you?"

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## Recollections of a rebel

By Norman Shrapnel



Lord Boothby

THE title of a book Lord Boothby published in 1978 was *Boothby, Recollections of a Rebel*. He died last week, aged 86, and it could serve as his epitaph.

To be public wit and bon viveur, constructive political thinker and scornful critic of the party line, all at the same time, was to be too much for a healthy life in the Conservative Party. The rebellion set in early, and he never recovered from it.

For one who never really got anywhere in politics, Bob Boothby's career achieved an astonishing glitter which lasted to the end.

Despite many predictions of a swift rise to the top, 30-odd years in the Commons brought him no higher office than a parliamentary secretaryship. One reason he gave for this failure was that power and pleasure were mistress to a man could not court jointly. He professed to hate power and never ceased to love pleasure.

Another reason was that although the House of Commons which he entered in 1924 looked safe for the Tory succession it was not, then or later, a comfortable place for radical Tories of the Boothby stamp.

Unswerving loyalty was not for him. He later explained that Lord Randolph Churchill and Lloyd George were the only two statesmen to whom he could have given his total support.

Neither was available. The Commons which Robert John Graham Boothby entered in his early twenties, after studying history under Namier at Oxford, was the one in which Lloyd George had recently fallen from power. He had to make do with Winston Churchill, whose eye and ear he soon caught, but their relationship was never easy.

Though he became Churchill's parliamentary private secretary when he was chancellor and followed him into the wilderness, the sort of loyalty Boothby was temperamentally unable to give was the very sort Churchill demanded.

However, there was little at this time for them to disagree about. The young member for East Aberdeenshire, as well as doing his constituency duties energetically enough to earn him the title of the "Fishermen's Friend," joined the group of Tory backbench critics satirically known as the YMCA.

His natural flamboyance as well as his intelligence refused to be sedated under Baldwin. With the coming of the National Government, Boothby said: "The decade of the political pygmies began."

So did the era of Boothby, the formidable rebel. Three times in his career he took a crucial stand against the party line. One was over Munich. Another was over the wartime crisis which brought the fall of Chamberlain, when

Boothby was one of the 33 Tories who voted against the Government.

"The single decisive vote I cast during my 34 years as an MP," he called it. The third was over Suez. He was also against his government on the question of MPs' pay.

In the 1920s, he was already shocking colleagues by advocating trade and diplomatic relations with Russia. Later in his career he was to shock many more by being among the first to call for an inquiry into homosexuality and prostitution.

When Churchill became prime minister Boothby got his single taste of office, a junior post in the wartime Ministry of Food.

He was in trouble when a select committee criticised his conduct as chairman of an informal committee handling Czech funds frozen in London. Though protesting that his conscience was perfectly clear, he resigned his office while keeping his seat.

Churchill turned against him, but later gave him a chance to pursue one of his dominant interests by sending him as delegate to the Council of Europe in Strasbourg. He attended every assembly and was rewarded with the RBE in 1953.

In 1958 he became Rector of St Andrews University, a few days before entering the House of Lords as a life peer. He greatly invigorated the Upper House.

His journalistic output was tireless, and as a television star he needed no one to teach him the actor's art of self-projection.

He met most of the headline figures of his long day, dictators included. Hitler, encountering him in a Berlin hotel, introduced himself by clicking his heels, snapping up his arm and shouting "Hitler!" Boothby went through the same routine and shouted, "Boothby!"

## A green among Reds

By Martin Walker

In Moscow

VALENTIN RASPUTIN is not only one of the outstanding Soviet writers, he is a political phenomenon. But I was struck the other day when I had the pleasure of meeting him by the overpowering shyness of the man.

He is one of nature's self-effacers, hesitant and almost painfully polite. He has homely squashed-in features, and speaks in a quiet but terribly fast monotone. To meet him, you would not think that Valentin Rasputin is in large part responsible for the fact that we can now speak of such a thing as Soviet public opinion without mockery.

Nearly 50, he lives in his native Siberia, the setting of most of his books, near the shores of Lake Baikal whose purity he has fought to defend. And his campaigns in letters to the press, in short stories and in his novels, have not only made him a one-man Greenpeace in the Soviet Union. They have forced the authorities to take notice, and indeed now to put him on the commission which is assessing the lake's future.

"It used to be the era of the poet, then of the novelist, and now it is the age of the publicist," he says. "We need the publicist not just of physical extinction, but of spiritual extinction. Writers cannot keep silent on the great questions of good or evil."

When one hears a Soviet writer say this kind of thing, you expect an instant follow-up on the beauties of the Soviet disarmament proposals and the stubbornness of the West in failing to agree. Not with Rasputin. He goes on to complain of the traditional lack of civic activity among his Russian people (he never talks of them as

Soviet), and to hammer again at the theme of the pollution of Lake Baikal.

And when he is not fighting for the lake which provides the world's highest reserve of fresh water, he is fighting the proposal to reverse the flow of the Siberian rivers.

These campaigns flow naturally from the themes of his novels, which defend the old ways of peasant Russia against a soulless Soviet modernity. My own favourite is *Farewell To Matyora*,

the last days of an old village that is being flooded by the rising waters of the huge dam that will feed the Bratsk power station.

In Soviet mythology, Bratsk dam is one of the looming symbols of modernity, of the success of communism in taming nature and putting the power of Siberia to work for man. Rasputin's novel is, in this sense, deeply and movingly subversive.

The novel is overwhelmed by the old women of the village, their memories and their sense of an ancient, sound and honourable culture being raped and desecrated. The key confrontation comes when the work crews arrive to clear away the old village cemetery and its crosses.

"People have forgotten their place under God," says old Delya to her keen young grandson.

Most of Rasputin's stories cover this kind of theme, whether a sympathetic portrait of a wartime deserter who goes home to his village and his barren wife, or the tale of a hapless and barely

literate rural woman who loses a thousand roubles from the till of the little shop she is assigned to run.

Rasputin is not alone in this kind of theme. Indeed, the village school of novelists is probably the healthiest and most impressive in the current "approved" canon of Soviet literature, and their theme goes far beyond nostalgia. There is bitterness for the loss of the old communities, and a fairly evident loathing for the Soviet collectivisation that has replaced them.

Occasionally, the theme is taken further, and Vasil Bykov's recent interview in *Literaturnaya Gazeta* was unprecedented in the way it publicly raised the forbidden topic of those Soviet peasants who welcomed the Nazi invaders in 1941, because of the way they had been demoralised by Stalin's collective farms.

But Rasputin's constant public espousal of ecological causes, his hammering away at the spiritual losses which he believes endanger the very identity of the Russian people, is even more remarkable. And his latest campaign promises to continue in that astonishing Russian tradition of author as preacher and moral arbiter which has been a current throughout Russian letters from Tolstoy to Solzhenitsyn.

"We must have a national organisation for ecology with greater prestige and authority than any official body in the state," he demands. But when this shy little man from Siberia gets an idea in his head, people start to pay attention. Just ask those Soviet planners who began polluting Lake Baikal and dreamed of reversing the Siberian rivers.

## Liberated ladies in hot pursuit

Nicholas de Jongh at The Swan, Stratford

WHAT is this we hear in Aphra Benn's *The Rover*, in the midst of the peacock chatter and proposing of sex-hungry pre-Restoration soldiers of fortune, if not the faint fustlers of ladies stirred by ideas of sexual liberation three centuries before they become fully-fledged?

Mrs Benn is, on this count alone, a startling playwright, who after centuries of stage oblivion has been rescued by John Barton.

It is true that she is equivocal about sex, but the play's three young heroines, whom she shows glumly faced with the prospect of being bartered as marriage property or consigned to nunnery seclusion, revolt from the outset, not in traditional Restoration wordplay and sexual badinage, but in active pursuit of the male. They are as hot as summer and make no bones about the fact that they are as desiring as the male.

Even Angelica, the costliest courtesan available, clearly enjoys seducing men and never falling in love, until a fatal soldier arrives and steals more than brief entrance. Nor does Mrs Benn flinch from showing the way in which the female desire leads — in at least two cases — to truly unsuitable matching.

The play also offers a vivid antidote to London society plays of Charles II's period. It is set, in John Barton's version, in a Spanish colony, with calypso music and black faces. And its four young men are not familiar metropolitan gentlemen, but cavalier soldiers of the interregnum, wandering the world in happy exile.

Barton, with the use of occasional fireworks, banners and garlands attempts to summon up the spirit of a pre-Lenten carnival, and this I fear is where the drawbacks to the production are first apparent. For the play, short and sharp of wit and the consciously wrought fine language of a Congreve or Etherege, has only a stock situation of disguise and mistaking; the three girls — Florinda, Hellena, and Valeria — manage to escape their destinies and fall into the arms of the soldiers of fortune, after some mechanical subterfuges.

The Rover of the title interestingly shows up male sexual hypocrisy by falling for anything in skirts.

But Mr Barton, rather than contrasting the inhabitants of the colony strongly with the visiting English soldiers, allows them all to be thorough Anglo-Saxons. Don Pedro, the stiff, rigid Spaniard who wants to pass his sister off in a money match, sounds and behaves in Nathaniel Parker's performance as if he would be spiritually at home in Guildford.

And this is typical. The three sisters in the colony are similarly

Anglicised. The cast are generally swept up in a rough gesticulating boisterousness, as though they were unable to give the characters more than surface gloss.

Jeremy Irons, as the Rover, Willmore, is far more at ease here than with *Leontes*; dressed in boots, beard, flowing hair and bandana he looks like a cross between Errol Flynn in costume and a refugee from Hair. And he manages to present Willmore's fawning, posing charms, without making much of the man's calloused sex-crazed single-mindedness. Charm will insist on getting in the way.

And Barton has chosen to make Belville, Willmore's companion, a black soldier of fortune, with whom Hugh Quarshie is clearly ill at ease. The aptest performances, those of David Troughton's blundering country fool and Sinead Cusack's piercingly wronged courtesan, are those which create real character.

There will be brighter revivals than this, I hazard. And John Barton, who cannot see a play these days without interfering with it by interpolating, extrapolating and altering, has once again dared to suggest that he knows better than the original author.



Irons — a Restoration Errol Flynn

## Ragged edges

BALLET by Mary Clarke

LONDON Festival Ballet opened their Coliseum season with two performances of Frederick Ashton's *Romeo and Juliet* which they will dance again in August at the Royal Festival Hall. I had my doubts about the revival when the Festival first staged it last year, and although there is much in this production to admire, the doubts persist.

There's no quarrel with Ashton's choreography, which speaks throughout of his craftsmanship, his lyricism in the love duets and, as in *The Dream*, of his deep understanding of Shakespeare's poetry.

To play the Prince of Verona and Lord and Lady Capulet, Peter Schaufuss has invited for some performances his father Frank Schaufuss and the incomparable Niele Hjern Larsen and Kirsten Ralov from Copenhagen. All three performances are matchless in their quiet authority and Kirsten Ralov's Lady Capulet is, above all, a tender, loving mother.

In their company Nicholas Johnson succeeds in being a vivid, dangerous Tybalt.

However, and here lies the problem, other Festival artists are shown up as somewhat inexperienced actors. They are not helped by conventional and old fashioned costumes. Lightweight playing by the ensemble dancers and austere design, with no hint that we are in Verona, in the end militate against this staging. I'd like to see what the Royal Danish Ballet, for whom this *Romeo and Juliet* was made in 1955, would make of it today.

William Cady

## Peace of mind for Woody Allen

CINEMA by Derek Malcolm

FOR the great army of his supporters, the bull point about Woody Allen's *Hannah And Her Sisters* is that Woody is actually in it. And, in a way, it looks very much as if we are back in the good old days when that familiar Jewish New Yorker psyche rubbed up against all the world, and both it and the world were found badly wanting.

But it isn't quite like that, because though the psyche makes a lot of the same convolutions, it seems fundamentally less troubled than heretofore, and there's the kind of peaceful resolution to the battle of life that we've never seen before.

This time Woody plays Mickey, a hypochondriac writer and producer convinced that incipient deafness means a brain tumour, panic-stricken by the thought of death and, when he is finally cleared by the doctor, equally terrified at the sudden realisation that life may not mean much anyway. Catholicism is flirted with, then the ally Hare Krishnas and even suicide before Holly (Dianne Wiest), the equally unstable but talented sister of his former wife, rescues him with her love.

This doesn't sound like a romantic comedy, then it's because I haven't described the scenes and the one-liners. The film, however, is not called *Mickey And His Life*. The real centre of it is Hannah (Mia Farrow), his ex-wife, and her sisters. She is a well-known and loved actress, resting as she brings up a family and organising, once again, the family's annual Thanksgiving dinner and got-together. She is mother earth to all of them — a paragon among the highly flawed, though vulnerable with it since that is an uncomfortable situation.

The other sisters, apart from the coke-sniffing Holly, are Lee (Barbara Hershey), a reformed alcoholic who lives with Max von Sydow's gloomy Scandinavian painter ("You missed a very dull documentary on Auschwitz tonight"), and April (Carrie Fisher), an ever hopeful actress. The other men in the case are Hannah's financial adviser husband (Michael Caine) and David the architect (Sam Waterston). Elliot falls for Lee and Holly and April chase David. Is all this clear?

What is indisputable is that this fluid, engaging if often dark-hued romantic comedy, in which Woody and everyone else besides are pondering the meaning of life as they slop around in its muddy but firmly middle-class waters, gives our hero the chance to have the best of both worlds — that of interiors, his very straight-faced Bergman homage and, perhaps, *Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Sex*.

The film is very beautifully made, splendidly acted and manages to sum up a film-maker's career this far without giving too much impression that it is doing just that, or that it may all be coming to an end sometime soon.

Allen is lucky. Such a fluent and seemingly seamless median point in his career could have given us a considerable feeling of déjà vu. But *Hannah And Her Sisters* escapes that by a hairsbreadth, being one of the most satisfactory films he has made.

Perhaps it is all a little too pat as we relax at the second Thanksgiving (the film opens with the first). Perhaps too the actual construction of the piece is not as tight as it should be. Perhaps also the world Woody now operates in can have very little relationship to the life most of us live (do any of these people ever work, for instance?).

But these are smallish quibbles beside the virtues of the film. It is a fraught, spikey but warm and quite wise journey through middle-class mores and manners, and it promises to open a new and less self-conscious chapter in the Book of Allen if he continues in this vein.

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ACROSS five decades the Spanish Civil War still emits an extraordinarily powerful signal. A bibliography now exists of more than 15,000 books, and yet more are scheduled for this fiftieth anniversary. But what is it that makes succeeding generations so hypnotised by this cardinal event?

Interest in the war, suggests Paul Preston in his new illustrated history, "Is made up of nostalgia on the part of contemporaries of right and left, and political romanticism on the part of the young".

Nor is it now without contemporary relevance. The international volunteers in Nicaragua — albeit unarmed — have some residual affinity with their grandparents who fought in Spain.

Over the years the work of younger historians has gradually overlaid the memoir evidence of the participants. Perhaps partly as a result, few people nowadays are concerned with the niceties of diplomatic history. The debates and arguments about non-intervention have long been abandoned as boring and irrelevant.

Perhaps too there is now greater understanding (though not forgiveness) of why Britain and France found it so difficult to support the Republic. What was once condemned as monstrous now has an air of the inevitable. "When placed in the context of the post-1917 series of defeats suffered by the European left," writes Paul Preston, "the abandonment of Spain to fascism assumes an iron logic".

The emphasis in research and analysis in the last twenty years has been on the internal struggle in Spain, and here too the nature of the debate has changed. The old arguments between Communists, Socialists, Anarchists (and the POUM) have somewhat lost their potency. (Today, though, as a result of contemporary developments in Spain, the role of the Socialists — and in particular that of Indalecio Prieto, the Republic's anti-Communist defence minister and hitherto a rather grey and indeterminate figure — has been resurrected and re-emphasised, notably by Raymond Carr).

If anything there is now more interest in Nationalist Spain, in what was going on behind Franco's lines. This emphasis was given a powerful impetus by the pioneering research of Ronald Fraser (whose *Blood of Spain* is virtually the only major work without a new edition this anniversary year), but it also underlies Raymond Carr's latest study, and is the leitmotif that runs through Hugh Thomas's encyclopaedic revision of his magisterial tome, *Spain 1808-1939*, accompanying a book of incomparable photographs is quite the best short account of the war and its implications that I have read.

## The Spanish tragedy

On the 50th anniversary of the outbreak of the civil war Richard Gott reviews the latest perspectives

(Right) — Nationalist posters

**JOHN CORNFORD:** *Collected Writings*, ed. Jonathan Galassi (Corgene Press, £5.95). **THE SHALLOW GRAVE.** A Memoir of the Spanish Civil War, by Walter Gregory, David Morris and Anthony Peters (Gollancz, £10.95). **THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR, 1936-39** by Paul Preston (Weidenfeld, £10.95).

The particular tragedy of Spain was not just that a war was fought across its terrain, but that it was a civil war, dividing friends and families. For some it was then, and will always remain, a struggle between good and evil, but the closer you get to the Spanish reality, the more blurred becomes the morality.

And with the passage of time there is a distinct overlap between the two sides. Looking at some of the posters, for example, produced by artists from the Nationalist or Republican side, one could be forgiven for thinking that they both went to the same art school.

But for British readers the Spanish civil war still means the participation of the International Brigades, and this year British publishers have produced a flood of material old and new — including a re-issue of John Cornford's collected writings, Claud Cockburn's despatches to the *Daily Worker*, some attractive picture books, and an oral history of the surviving Scottish participants.

The pearl of the bunch is *The Shallow Grave*, an original and unforgettable memoir by Walter Gregory, usefully and sympathetically edited. Gregory hailed from Nottingham, was active in the Communist Party, and arrived in Spain in December, 1936. He was lucky to have nothing more than his thumb blown off in the Jarama valley, and survived to fight through the entire war. It is illuminating to compare



**IMAGE OF THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR**, intro. Raymond Carr (Allen & Unwin, £14.95).

**THE CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN**, by Raymond Carr (Weidenfeld, new edition, £9.95).

**COCKBURN IN SPAIN**, James Pettifer (Lawrence and Wishart, £4.95).

Gregory's accounts with those of John Cornford, the public school poet, and Claud Cockburn, the *Times* renegade turned passionate Communist partisan. All were Communists, but only Gregory seems to have been able to allow reality to impinge on ideology — perhaps because he was a good working-class lad and didn't have so much theory inside him to start with.

Cornford, of course, was killed before he had much time to take in what was happening, but Cockburn seems to have kept his cheery optimistic line almost to the end. The charge against him as a journalist should not be that of bias and distortion (as in Philip Knightly's *The First Casualty*) but rather that his reports lacked virtually any kind of analysis of local politics.

His writing is always lively and colourful, he often sees action, but apart from an occasional interview with Largo Caballero or Alvarez del Vayo, he gives no picture of the internal divisions within the Republic. Gregory's memoir is full of such revealing details. He was followed to the Channel by the Special Branch. He left his widowed mother behind with no means of support, only discovering later that she received ten shillings a week

**SCOTS IN SPAIN.** Oral recollections of Scottish Volunteers supporting the Republic in the Spanish Civil War, ed. Ian MacDougall (Polygon Books, Edinburgh, £9.95).

**THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR**, by Hugh Thomas (Hamish Hamilton, new edition, £20).

public. It is difficult to feel that he didn't know about them. Orwell understood them, and humble Brigades like Gregory were not unaware of them. So clearly Cockburn did not want to mention them — and with hindsight his reporting can be seen to suffer.

Anarchism, for example, such a significant part of Spanish politics at the time, left both Cockburn and Cornford deeply unhappy. But Gregory was more open-minded, finding himself drawn (in spite of his Communist background) to their obvious sincerity, dedication and enthusiasm were wonderful to see. No amount of hardship seemed to lessen their deeply held conviction in the natural justice of their cause or the inevitability of its fulfilment.

Gregory's memoir is full of such revealing details. He was followed to the Channel by the Special Branch. He left his widowed mother behind with no means of support, only discovering later that she received ten shillings a week

## A hotel room with a view

By W. J. Weatherby

the people who lived there and how about as much chronological sense as an inspired gossip.

Reading her is like sitting in the Blenheim Stone bar down the block where Brendan Behan used to hang out, and listening to a brilliant, non-stop reminiscence from a former inmate who seems to have known everybody.

Although Miss Turner unselfishly concentrates on her neighbours, she was clearly well qualified herself to become a genuine Chelsea character. The theatre scout for MGM, the writer of what she calls "bad pornographic novels" to pay the rent, she seems to have become involved in "Chelsea happenings" as she calls them as naturally as if her name were Dylan Thomas or Edie Sedgwick.

She arrived in 1964 and stayed 11 years in Room 831 where Thomas Wolfe had written much of *Look Homeward Angel*. Once in the centre of the New York theatre district before the theatres moved uptown to Broadway, the Chelsea was elegant enough for Sarah Bernhardt, but by the time Miss Turner arrived it had a slightly old-fashioned, faded look and what theatre remained was offstage.

Even in the elevator you were likely to meet the Woman Who Spoke To God or pass Arthur Miller or Virgil Thomson in the lobby. "Andy Warhol had just

from the relief fund throughout the war.

He gives a most telling picture of the arrival of a batch of Soviet rifles. It was a very good weapon but it had one major drawback: "when fired by a man wearing only a thin cotton shirt the kick it gave could be quite painful if the correct firing position had not been adopted."

Doubtless, suggests Gregory, the troops in the Red Army would be heavily clad against the cold, and the recoil would hardly be noticeable. "But the heat in Spain was such that on many occasions we went into battle naked from the waist up, and after any heavy action there were a lot of sore shoulders."

It is customary when writing about the Spanish war, particularly on the Left, to point out how it was the harbingers and trailblazer for the second world war. But what comes across most strongly, as a result of the way some of the evidence is now deployed, is the extent to which the Spanish war was a continuation of the kind of war fought in Flanders.

The generals were incompetent, the strategies unimaginative, the troops were thrown into battle as though they were made of metal rather than flesh. For the most part the battles were frontal set-pieces. A war of movement, a guerrilla war, never seems to have been contemplated.

Such thoughts leave little room for either nostalgia or romanticism. And it may be, as Hugh Thomas suggests, that the histories of the civil war are now becoming as influential in the contemporary world as the original events themselves.

If so, it seems as though the battles of yesterday are now being fought in a new form, Raymond Carr, thinking of Felipe Gonzalez, writes firmly that it is the representatives of the conquered in the civil war — the heirs of Prieto — that now rule Spain. Yet I note from an article in the current issue of the *New Left Review* that the present day Socialists, by renouncing any challenge to the capitalism that the Nationalist armies rose to preserve, are accused of becoming the legions of Franco's rule. The struggle, it seems, goes on.

**AT THE CHELSEA.** by Florence Turner (Hamish Hamilton, £12.95).

**JOHN HUSTON**, the much-travelled American film director, used to say of *Clairmont's Hotel* in London that if he called room service and asked for a ring at the door and there would be a waiter with an elephant. At New York's Chelsea Hotel in its heyday, even if a guest had arrived with an elephant, the receptionist would probably merely have asked if they wanted a double room.

One writes "In its heyday" because the Chelsea Hotel has made its international reputation as New York's most famous residence, rooming house and sanctuary for Bohemians and not only are Bohemians outdated in the computer age, but even the city's current crop of eccentrics no longer seem to be as colourful as they were in the past few decades.

It is much to its credit that Florence Turner's *At the Chelsea* provides a vivid picture of what the tolerant hotel on West 23rd Street was like in those days. I was apprehensive at first that it would be a history, and nothing is duller than a straightforward chronological history of a building. But Miss Turner concentrates on

moved in to make his film *Chelsea Girls*. Cubbies and street people alike watched as the tall, spectacularly beautiful transvestites, Candy Darling, Holly Woodlawn, others with equally exaggerated names, strolled through the Chelsea doorway.

It was the time of hippies, of pop art, of the beginning of the drug culture, and the Chelsea reflected everything that was happening and all the changes too. Eventually, Miss Turner experienced most of the "Chelsea happenings" even to not being able to pay her rent. The management was extraordinarily understanding.

But as the mood of the country changed, and even Allen Ginsberg was to be seen in public in a suit and tie, the Chelsea itself seemed to calm down and become more conservative. When Miss Turner took a dog for a walk on the roof and she saw a magical full moon reflected, a friend warned her it might only be the reflection of an electric lightbulb.

So, her slim, amusing book suggests, the bubbling irrepressible high spirits that her Chelsea memories inspire, may only be a reflection of lost youth and nostalgia for brighter, happier, more carefree times — but what times they were and how well the century of the tolerant Chelsea symbolises them.

## Hacking along at a great gallop

By Clancy Sigal

**THE MORONIC INFERNO, AND OTHER VISITS TO AMERICA**, by Martin Amis (Cape, £9.95).

EVERYONE has a right to his own special corner of America. Martin Amis has covered his corner remarkably well, better in his journalism than his novels. But he has not yet learned — witness this blundering title — that a particular piece of the US may not be the whole enchilada.

That said — and his tendency to let interviews with Hefner, Bellow, Mailer or some other celebrity stand in for the whole of the country between New York and Los Angeles he hardly touches on — this is really good reading and sharp, crackling writing. Amis has a beguiling mixture of confidence and courtesy, and most of his literary judgments — often twinned with interviews — seem sturdy, even when caustic, without being bitchy for the hell of it.

Amis is excellent on American writers, especially famous authors, and the "pure rich." Something about the "uncontrollable nature of fame in America" — and hardly anybody gets more uncontrollably famous than a writer who hits it big — releases Amis's best juices. In a phrase or two he can settle an artist's hash most judiciously. His knife job on Joan Didion as self-dramatising and self-serving ("how quickly sentimentality proceeds to nonsense") is cruelly apt. Amis hates pretentiously irrational writing, masquerading as avant-garde.

Of William Burroughs's "large and callous talent" he is respectful, but angry because the author "has vacated the control tower." By contrast, he reprints two separate interviews with Saul Bellow who is for him an ultimate in comic sanity.

But, as in one or two other pieces on writers he admires, Amis has a tendency to let them get away with large rhetorical statements that do not show their authors as always present in the control tower: "Death," intones Bellow, "is the

dark backing a mirror needs if we are to see anything." Well, sure.

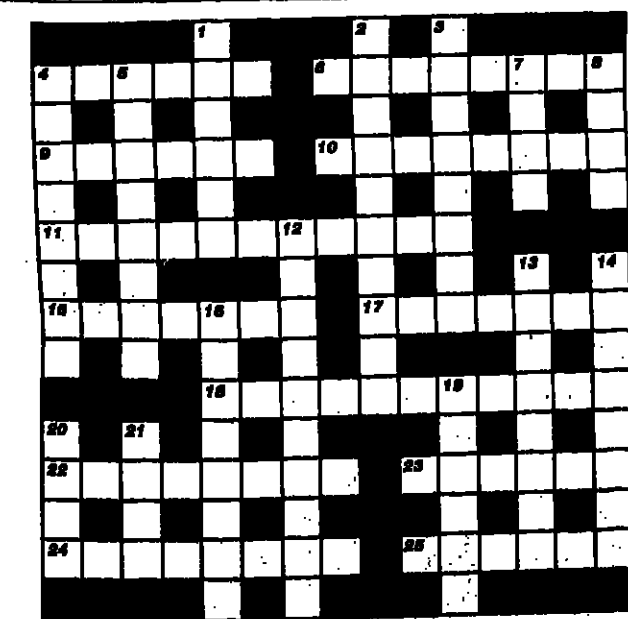
These are frankly "left-handed" occasional pieces, Amis tells us, written not for himself but for his editors, mainly in England. On this evidence he should write more for them and less for himself. His journalism brims with controlled excitement and perverse pleasure in American excess and self-advertisement.

His thumbnail sketch of the film-maker Brian De Palma — "this... light-fingered, flash-trash movie brute" — is the best short summary of De Palma's career I've read. ("He tries his best, but people bore him, and that's that.") The same goes for his affectionate but fair interview with Kurt Vonnegut. "When success happens to an English writer," Amis notes of Vonnegut who changed wives after Slaughterhouse-Five, "he acquires a new typewriter. When success happens to an American writer, he acquires a new life."

Amis, who is proud of being almost an American himself (he has an American wife and a half-Yankee kid), excels at the right parallel. When Klaus von Bulow unexpectedly rings to flatter and propagandise him, it's as if Jack the Ripper suddenly had called.

Part of Amis's charm is that he isn't afraid to let the seams show; he's forever hanging around, like any hack, waiting to be admitted to the Great Person who often keeps him dangling for hours or even days. This modest arrogance adds sparkle to his pieces on Truman Capote, von Bulow and Diana Trilling, who, he confesses, scares him half to death.

It would be fascinating if Amis ever opened his eyes to America west of the Alleghenies and east of the Rockies, where most of the mad, scared, normal people live. Maybe he should take to heart the advice he gives to Joan Didion: "If you are rich and neurotic it is salutary in all kinds of ways to listen hard about people who are poor and neurotic: i.e., those who have more to be neurotic about."

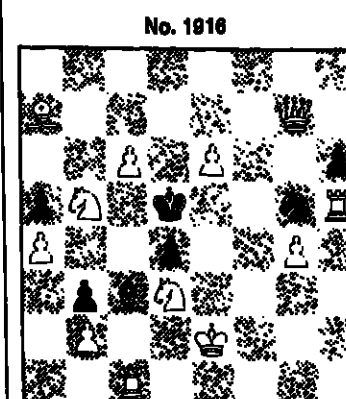


**ACROSS**  
4. Clean furniture starting at bottom row (4-2)  
6. Woodcutter's saying: after tea at home (5-3)  
9. Prophet's followers: out short eating English breakfast (6)  
10. Particular observation about the City (8)  
11. Acquiring youth on Victorian day amid summer fragrance (11)  
15. Killer's name in J.R.'s (7)

17. Plead for the study of demonology (7)  
18. List of accusations supplied by the Bill? (9-5)  
22. Assistance returned to clan in prolonged attack (9)  
23. Forger's manuscript returned by compiler to solver's? (8)  
24. Undisciplined, Bristol (8)  
25. Roughly, one who acts toughly, this is a rhyme (6)

## Chess

By Leonard Barden



While mates in two moves, against any defence (by W. Jorgensen). This problem had rave reviews from earlier critics, who named it among "the cleverest two-movers of all time." Exaggerated praise perhaps, but the key move is of a type which many solvers find difficult.

**Solution No. 1915**  
White K at Q7, Q at Q3, R at K1, B at K7, P at Q4, Q2, Q4, and K6. Black K at Q8, B at Q8, P at Q4, Q7, Q3 and K2. Mate in three.  
1 B-B8 P-Q4 2 QxKp KxP 3 Q-Q3 mate. Not 1 R-R2? B-B7 2 P-Q5 BxP check.

A NEW event on the British chess calendar, the Joshua Tetley British Quickplay Championship, attracted a remarkably strong entry to Leeds last month. Three GMs and numerous IMs entered the race for a £1,000 first prize despite a hectic schedule of eleven games in a weekend. Quickplay, steadily gaining ground over weekend congresses at slower time limits,

means half an hour per player for the entire game and, thus the ultimate horror for time pressure addicts is having to make an infinite number of moves in a few seconds.

The well organised Joshua Tetley may have a permanent niche in chess history in view of the result: Nigel Short won all 11 games. Very few 100 per cent scores are recorded in national championships, the best known being Fischer's 11/11 for the US title in 1963. Other leading titles were Crouch, 8½, Carlier (Holland), Davies, Hobden, Hodgson and Lawton 8, Chandler, Kosten, Large, Martin and Pleskett 7½.

Short's result came just a few days before the July FIDE rating list showed him ranked ninth in the world at 2615, in a list headed by Kasparov 2740 and Karpov 2705. Among Western-born grandmasters, only Hubner 2640 and Timman 2620 are in front of Short who, 14-15 years younger than his two rivals, is effectively established as the top Western challenger to K and K. His next event is the double-round Othra Amsterdam event from July 21 to August 1 where Timman also competes.

Two of his best victories at Leeds demonstrate the best style for quickplay chess: an active, tactically primed game puts opponents under pressure from both clock and position.

**GM Nigel Short — IM David Norwood**  
*Pirc Defence*  
(British Quickplay 1988)

1 P-K4 P-K3 2 P-Q4 B-N2  
3 N-KB3 P-Q3 4 N-B3 N-K3  
5 P-K3 Q-O 6 B-K3 Q-K2  
Short is using his favourite anti-Pirc system, successful at the 1985 Biel "candidate" playoff. 6... P-B3 7 P-Q4 P-Q4 with... N-R3 looks the

best reply.  
7 P-K5 N-K1 8 B-N3 P-B3  
11 Q-O B-K3 12 KR-K1 BxR  
13 RxB PxB?

Black has exchanged his problem bishop, and now 13... P-B3 seems logical to neutralise White's space control.

14 PxB N-K3 15 BxN N-N4  
16 BxN Q-B2 17 P-K1 P-KB4  
18 Q-B3 P-B5

This tactic misfires, but Black is in difficulties against the strong K6 pawn.

19 R-K4 N-Q4 20 NxN P-N  
21 RxBP P-KR3 22 Q-N3 B-K4  
PxB7 falls to 23 RxB ch, and now comes an attractive finish.

23 BxRPI RxB 24 QxP ch K-R1  
25 BxR BxB 26 Q-R5 ch K-K2  
27 Q-B7 ch K-R1 28 R-R4! P-Q5  
29 RxB B-N4 30 Q-R5 ch Resigns  
No better was 29... B-R3 30 R-KR4.

**IM Julian Hodgson — GM Nigel Short**  
*English Opening*  
(British Quickplay 1988)

1 P-KN3 P-K4 2 P-QB4 N-QB3  
3 B-N2 P-KN3 4 N-QB3 B-N2  
5 P-K3 Q-Q3 6 KR-K2 P-KR4  
A sharp attempt at early initiative, best met by 7 P-Q4 PxB P-R5 9 B-K3.

7 P-KR3? P-R5 8 P-KN4 P-S4! 9 PxB PxB 10 P-Q4 PxB  
11 NxB NxB 12 P-N3 P-B3  
13 B-K3 B-N3 14 Q-Q2 Q-Q2  
15 Q-O-O K-B2! 16 B-N5 P-N4!

Black's dynamic early play rapidly mobilised his army, while his exchange sacrifice controls the light squares and opens up the white king.

17 PxB PxB 18 BxR RxB  
19 Q-K2 R-QB1 20 P-R3 P-R4  
21 P-B3 P-N5 22 K-Q2 P-N ch  
23 PxB Q-N2 Resigns.

## Bridge

By Rixl Markus

FOR the last two years, the Portland Club has sponsored a nationwide inter-university teams-of-four competition. Four teams, Edinburgh, Manchester, Oxford and Southampton Universities, qualified for this year's final. Although I am always advising young players not to adopt too many bidding gadgets, I was amused by the results on the following hand, dealt by West at game all.

**WEST**  
♠ 6  
♥ 4 2  
♦ 10 8 4 2  
♣ K Q 10 9 5

At one table, the bidding was as follows:  
**WEST** **NORTH** **EAST** **SOUTH**  
NB NB 1C(1) Db(2)  
2C NB 3NT(3) NB  
NB NB

(1) East-West were playing a strong club system.  
(2) Showing both major suits.  
(3) South's double seemed to have decreased the value of East's hand.

**EAST**  
♠ A Q 9  
♥ A Q 7 5  
♦ A Q J 9 5  
♣ A

(1) A pre-emptive bid showing at least 5-5 in the minor suits.

(2) Without much hesitation, a 4-3 club break meant that there was no problem in the play of 7D, and East-West's modern bidding methods had brought in +18 i.m.p. for their team.

On my next hand from the final, the Manchester University North-South pair were kept out of trouble by a Multi Two Diamond opening by the opposition.

Dealer East: North-South vulnerable.

**NORTH**  
♠ K 8 7  
♥ J 10 8 4 3  
♦ K 9 8 7 6  
♣ A

**WEST**  
♠ 7 5  
♥ J 3 2  
♦ K 7 6 5  
♣ Q J 5 2

**EAST**  
♠ A Q 8 4 3 2  
♥ Q 9 8 4  
♦ 9  
♣ 10 4

**SOUTH**  
♠ K J 10 8 8  
♥ A 10 6  
♦ A Q 2  
♣ A 3

**EAST** **SOUTH** **WEST** **NORTH**  
2D(1) 2NT NB 3NT(2) NB

East returned a heart, and South went up with the ace and cashed the nine of spades, squeezing West in the minor suits. No matter what West discarded on the last spade, South was certain to make the rest of the tricks for +680.

The Portland Club Cup was won by Manchester University. Shaun Day, captain, Martin Kleum, Brian Geary and Julian Mitchell, Oxford were placed second, Southampton third. I was pleased to see that most of the pairs had returned to the traditional British system, Acol, even though they had grafted on a number of new gadgets.

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